

COUNTRY LIFE

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THE Journal for all interested in

Country Life and Country Pursuits

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THE PENSIONER AND .. THE WORKHOUSE.

OUR contemporary, the Local Government Board Journal, has produced a vast array of statistics, and a column and a-half of illuminating comment on them, dealing with the choice that the aged paupers have had to make between an Old-Age Pension and the workhouse. Our contemporary is, of course, unofficial in its character, and at any rate "facts," as Robert Burns said, "are chieftains that winna ding." Writers of the sentimental and hysterical order are apt to make a little too much of the poor man's hostility to the workhouse. We believe that this hostility does exist as far as tramps are concerned. The man on the road shows a very great reluctance to seek shelter at the workhouse. He is aware that his entertainment will have to be paid for in labour and that the hospitality extended to him will be of a very frugal character. And the tramp does not define hospitality according to the interpretation of Justice Darling, who says it has nothing to do with the sideboard. There is no sideboard in the workhouse, but its equivalent is the skilly or bread with which the tramp is fed. On the other hand, many writers have been equally eloquent about the so-called reluctance of aged people to seek the refuge of the workhouse. They used to call it the "Bastille" in certain of the Southern Counties, and we are all familiar with the lurid

imaginative pictures drawn of the shuddering old man and woman when the cart arrives to take them to the workhouse. But the facts do not bear this out at all. The workhouse, no doubt, has many defects. It is generally recognised that it should no longer be used as an asylum alike for the insane and the unfortunate. No one seriously defends the mingling of young and old under its shelter. But it is a refuge for the aged poor which is prized by them. This is proved by the refusal of so many to leave it in order to trust themselves to the care of relatives. It is to be feared, indeed, that those who are past work often fare very badly in the cottage. The married son and his wife, or the married daughter and her husband, usually have a heavy burden of their own to bear at the time when the care of their aged father and mother devolves on them. Their children are growing up. The sense of decency which prevails in every English household may be taken as a guarantee that nobody is sent to the workhouse except those who would not be very well cared for outside its walls. The investigations of our contemporary have had many curious results. In a very large number of cases not a single inmate has elected to leave the workhouse. Many, when they went away, declared that they would soon be back again, and a very considerable number of pensioners made claims and afterwards abandoned them. The excuses for doing this are homely and touching: "No one to look after me," "No place to go to," "Five bob not enough to live on," "Prefer to put up at the Parish Hotel, where I am happy and contented." The writer reminds us that many of the inmates have developed new interests while in the House. They are put to such light jobs as they can do. Some look after the vegetable or flower garden; others attend to the green-houses; and we know of one old man who is perfectly happy doing the carting for the union. He was a carter before he became a pauper. By the by, he is one of the friendless who have elected to stay in the "Parish Hotel." These occupations are such as country people have been accustomed to, and there is plenty of evidence that they like them. Another point deserving notice is that, according to evidence given before some Essex Guardians the other day, cottage people would far sooner undertake the care of children than that of aged people. They can quite legitimately obtain certain work out of the children, if it be only running errands. And, naturally, the ailments of the young are not to be compared with those of their broken-down elders, with whom usually rheumatism and kindred diseases have played havoc.

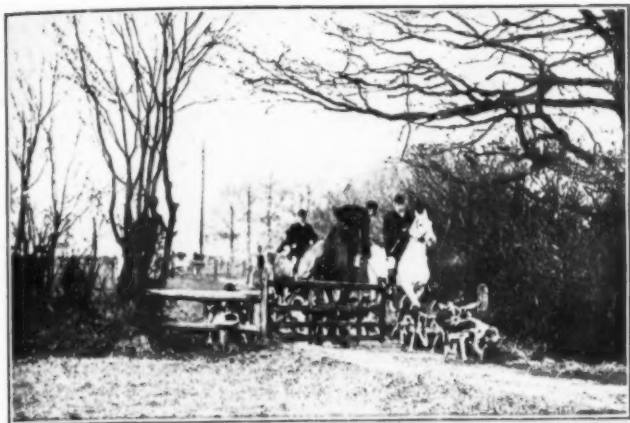
Another point that wants keeping in view is that a large number of the inmates of the workhouse have arrived at that position as a result of their own moral weakness. Nobody who knows the rural districts or has a personal knowledge of those inhabitants who have come to grief would deny for a moment that the majority of them have done so through drink. To them the workhouse is a restraint as well as a refuge, and the reports show that a considerable proportion of them, on being let out and receiving their first pension, simply give way to the old habit. This is true both of men and women. Our contemporary says very properly that "in such cases it may be doubted whether the pension committees have acted rightly in granting the pensions." This is a grave circumstance which it would be folly to ignore. That it is not a mere opinion is evident from the fact that several of the paupers who have received pensions have found their way to prison for drunkenness and other offences.

On the whole, then, it may be said that the conduct of the paupers has afforded an unexpected testimony to the efficiency with which the workhouses are conducted. The fact that so many are reluctant to leave and that others returned very speedily after a short experience of the outside shows that the aged do find a certain relief and comfort in the House which has been provided for them. Indeed, if, under the Reform of the Poor Law which is impending the workhouses were made purely into homes for the indigent and infirm, we believe they would continue to serve a useful part. Those other inmates, the erring girl, the homeless child and the feeble-minded, might very well be dealt with in a manner that would hold out some hope of the ultimate reform of the vicious and of the cure of the afflicted.

Our Portrait Illustration.

A PORTRAIT of Lady Kathleen Hastings forms the subject of our frontispiece this week. Lady Kathleen Hastings is the eldest daughter of the Earl of Huntingdon.

. It is particularly requested that no permissions to photograph houses, gardens, or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper. When such requests are received the Editor would esteem the kindness of readers if they would forward the correspondence at once to him.



COUNTRY NOTES

KING GEORGE V., in his character as country gentleman, has set a most admirable example to those who own land. All who are connected with His Majesty's Balmoral, Abergeldie and Birkhall estates have received a copy of a letter sent by the Keeper of His Majesty's Privy Purse to Mr. Michie, the factor at Balmoral. The message says "that if any of them wish to make any requests as to their positions or residences they should in future communicate with you, and that you, after carefully considering their applications, and after adding any remarks you may think necessary, will forward their applications and your remarks to me for my careful consideration." Sir William Carington carefully explains that in this he is not acting on his own initiative, but says he is guided by the knowledge of the King's wishes "that all on the estates should live happily and contentedly and look upon His Majesty as their best friend." This is not only conceived in the right spirit, but suggests a practical method by which a great landowner may keep in touch with his tenants and those employed on his estates.

In his introduction to Mr. Christopher Turnor's new book, "Land Problems and National Welfare," which has just been published, and which will receive due notice in these columns, Lord Milner shows a tendency to propagate in England a policy closely akin to that conservation of resources which, in the United States, has been so zealously preached by Mr. Theodore Roosevelt. It is a very laudable policy, and rests on certain strong fundamental facts. Of all the arts agriculture is the most absolutely indispensable. The complications of great wealth may disguise the fact, but to this day the dweller in towns is as dependent on the cultivator of the soil as was the mediæval knight who lived in his castle and consumed the produce of his own land. The modern citizen is accustomed to feed himself with fruits and meat which have come from the ends of the earth, but that is only a complication of the very simple proposition that it is from the products of the land he lives; and our duty to posterity is that the resources of the land should be developed and husbanded, not wasted.

So far it is easy to follow Lord Milner. It is not so easy to understand what he means by the land of England being under-cultivated. If he desires to say that it could be made more productive, he is only uttering a truism; but there is no one who gets more per acre from his land than the English farmer, and it is his practical aim always to adjust expenditure to income. In other words, his crop must be not only plentiful, but profitable. Experience has shown him that many forms of intensive cultivation cost so much in labour and manure that they do not yield him any recompense. He is always, as it were, seeking the line of least resistance, growing the crops that, under the circumstances in which he is placed, yield him the best profit. And it must be remembered that in Great Britain there is not such opportunity to waste natural resources as in countries like the United States, Australia and Canada, where even to this day a proportion of the land is virgin and the forests have been recklessly cut down.

It has long been the opinion of those most qualified to judge that the rural exodus is more prevalent in England than

in other parts of the world, and this conclusion is confirmed by a recent return as to agricultural labour in the various parts of Europe. In the United Kingdom only five and a-half per cent. of the population is engaged in agriculture. The proportion is three times as great in Germany and from five to six times in such countries as France, Italy, Austria and Hungary. The meaning would appear to be that here commerce is more attractive than agriculture, whereas in the countries we have mentioned it still continues to be the greatest industry. Yet in foreign publications we are continually seeing that lamentation is raised about the migration of country people to the towns. It is a movement to which the saying of Ovid may be applied: "Crescit eundo."

As if to exemplify the proverb that misfortunes never come alone, the railway disaster at Hawes Junction has been followed by another almost equally disastrous in Wales. The occurrence is most lamentable, and must be more than ordinarily so to the railway companies, who during the last few years have brought down railway accidents to a minimum. In one year they were able to show an absolutely clean sheet, and in others the loss of life has been very small indeed. There may be a tendency to blame the railway companies, but this would scarcely be fair. In the Hawes case the accident occurred owing to a very intelligible cause, and in all probability investigation will show an equally good reason for the other. It is a fatality often noticed before, that one misfortune of the kind is usually followed by another. The present winter has been distinguished by an almost unprecedented series of calamities, and they have been of the most diverse kind. Not only the railway, but the mine has yielded its quota, and the lawless alien has also furnished a grim tragedy.

REINCARNATE.

Over the haunting place where Love sank low
In death, his hope undone of all but rest,
Winds, gentle in their sorrow, loved to blow;
And dews, more gentle, fall, when stars shine best.
And in the morn, fleet as the swallow's wing,
Such quick'ning gleams the spot would lace and streak
With threads of light which played, ere vanishing,
With shadows there at golden hide and seek.
Due time, a flower looked out before the Spring—
Not red nor gold nor blue, but very pale:
And when for life's song woods were listening,
One came and plucked, and—this is all the tale—
Breathed in its sweets, crushed out its leaves in pain
Against her breast: where now Love lives again.

LAWRENCE FORTH.

Ten years have passed since the death of Queen Victoria—that is to say, the end of the Victorian era—and it is no wonder that a great many subjects of the late Queen pause and consider the changes that have occurred so swiftly since then. In her day the motor-car was still a novelty that looked impracticable; now it has become a common form of conveyance. Flying was a dream; now it has become an art—a dangerous art, it is true, but, nevertheless, a real one. In the realm of intellect a great many giants have disappeared during the decade. Lord Salisbury has left a great vacancy in politics. In literature the last of the Victorian poets passed away in Mr. Swinburne; and one of the last of the Victorian novelists in George Meredith. We have left the greatest change to the end. The historical decade at which we are glancing has engulfed a complete reign; within it Edward VII. was crowned, reigned and died.

Just as dwellers by the sea fare badly in the matter of fresh fish, so do the inhabitants of inland villages in regard to winter eggs. Your Londoner must have his eggs at all costs, and willingly pays 2½d., and even 3d., for what are described as "new-laid," while for cooking purposes he will accept eight doubtful aliens as fair value for 1s. The villager, on the other hand, is in the habit of relying on fowls for his eggs, and not the provision shop. In that dull season when the older birds are taking a prolonged rest and last season's pullets are still shivering on the brink of productiveness, he goes without rather than patronise the local shop. From his knowledge of hens and their ways he would regard the purchase of a 3d. egg as something of the nature of a "flutter." With the turn of the year, however, given such open weather as we have on the whole experienced, the inhabitants of the poultry-yard awake to a sense of duty. The villager has eggs and to spare, and the Londoner profits thereby. For the price of 2d. he may now reasonably hope

to obtain a genuine new-laid egg, untravelled and unsophisticated; and seeing the money that can be made in poultry-farming, the inexperienced wonder that the poorer country-folk do not take to it seriously. They do not realise the unprofitable weeks when eggs only come in in ones and twos and the only lively thing about the fowls seems to be their appetites.

Certain ill-effects of the Workmen's Compensation Act have been making themselves very apparent during the last few months. The object of the legislation seems to have been misunderstood. It is interpreted by the workman chiefly as a means of obtaining money from his employer, and judges have pointed out that neurasthenia, a disease of which the name scarcely was known before the passing of this Act, has become a common ailment for which the servant holds his owner responsible. Care is avoided by shifting responsibility. The master insures against accident, and so avoids additional trouble. The workman trusts to his being paid if injured, and so is more careless than ever. The insurance company fixes a rate of premium that will work profitably, and thus is saved from anxiety. Thus there is nothing to increase the exercise of care. On the other hand, the man over forty finds it more and more necessary to disguise the inroads of Time.

Ever since Milton incarnated Satan in the black shape of the cormorant in the Garden of Eden that unfortunate and interesting bird seems to have had the hand of man against it. At a recent meeting of the council of the Salmon and Trout Association, under the presidency of the Duke of Abercorn, a resolution was passed recommending the exclusion of the cormorant and, therewith, of the black-headed gull from the list of protected birds. There is no doubt whatever of the immense damage to the fishery interests done by the cormorant. As an old fisherman said to the writer of this note, "That's the best fisherman of the lot of us," pointing to a cormorant as it dived in a harbour of the Cornish Coast. The council of the association has been at some trouble in its enquiries and correspondence about the destruction of salmon ova by gulls, and the result appears to show that the graceful black-headed species is the worst of all devourers of the potential salmon, and hence its proposed expulsion from the list of those that can claim protection under the law.

In his "Wild Country Life" this week Mr. Bryden makes some comment on the new coal-tit, concerning which we last week published an authoritative note by its discoverer, Mr. Ogilvie-Grant. It is true that the latter did not actually collect the bird, which, in point of fact, was sent up to the British Museum by Mr. Collingwood Ingram among a few Irish in which he knew the collection to be deficient. As related in our last week's issue, Mr. Ogilvie-Grant noticed that two of the coal-tits showed certain marked differences from the others, and he telegraphed to Mr. Ingram, who promptly sent up more specimens. A very curious addition is made to our knowledge by a correspondent writing from one of the Yorkshire dales. We may say that, although he prefers to write under a *nom de plume*, he is an accomplished and careful ornithologist, and it would almost appear as though the bird of the newly-discovered species had actually shown itself in his garden during the hard weather. There is nothing inherently impossible in this occurrence; on the contrary, it seems very unlikely that the *Parus hibernicus* should consent to remain for ever within the bounds of the Emerald Isle.

Much satisfaction will be felt at the announcement that steps are at last to be taken to organise a scheme for the eradication of the rat. A public meeting will be held in connection with the new Department of Agricultural Microbiology of the Royal Institute of Public Health, and among those who have promised to speak are such authorities as Sir T. Lauder Brunton, Sir Thomas Elliott, Mr. Shipley, Mr. Cantlie and Professor Nuttall. The Lord Mayor has promised to take the chair, and the object of the meeting is stated to be "the desirability of the systematic destruction of rats and other vermin." There is no more fitting body than the Royal Institute of Public Health to deal with the subject, and it is very evident that if rats can be exterminated, those who are engaged in the cultivation of the soil will reap a very great benefit. Reasons of economy as well as of health enforce the wisdom of this movement.

On Saturday last *The Times* published a letter from a correspondent which disclosed the existence in our midst of a pernicious type of journalism. The information came through a butler who, having advertised for a situation in one of the morning papers, received a communication asking him for "a gossip"

which could be transmitted to some of the American papers. It was to consist of "amusing stories, etc.," about well-known people over here, and the writer went on in the coolest manner to give the names of certain people well known in Society about whom this backstairs gossip would be welcome. Our contemporary deals with the matter under the title, "A New Pest to Society"; but, as a matter of fact, it is a very old one. If the American papers are developing a taste for this kind of thing, they are only following the example set by England. At one time there was a much greater demand than there is now for it; even those readers with the strongest appetite for such stuff have been nauseated with it, and we can hardly imagine any journalist finding it worth while in these days to buy tittle-tattle from butlers and ladies'-maids.

Sir Francis Galton, whose death took place after we went to press last week, was one of the most distinguished men of his age. And his energy and activity remained manifest even up to the time of his death, which took place in his eighty-ninth year. His ability was to a large extent hereditary. The family he came from—he being the grandson of Sir Erasmus Darwin, who wrote "The Loves of the Plants"—is remarkable for the manner in which its characteristics are transmitted. Sir Francis resembled his grandfather in the width and variety of his interests. He was the author of finger-print detection and founder of the very modern philosophy of eugenics. He was a great traveller and had a very thorough understanding of medicine. There could have been few of his contemporaries who put their powers to better use. It would take a long time even to give a bare list of the scientific inventions which we owe to him.

PEEWITS IN WINTER.

All through the singing summer days
The peewits make their plaint,
Uneasy in prosperity
Like some ascetic saint
Who brings to crowded thoroughfares
A desert breath, and cries
Against the pride of wealthy life
The lust of youthful eyes.
But in the winter gloom they mount
To their aerial rest
Until the low sun flashes back
From every stainless breast:
They float in undulating lines
And form, to break once more
A wave of winged happiness
Upon a cloud-built shore.

ANNA BUNSTON.

There seems to be every prospect of a speedy and satisfactory settlement of the difficulties which have so long been troubling the peace of the fishermen of Newfoundland and of the United States. It is a question in which Britons at home would take a greater interest if they realised more fully the importance of the fishery question to the Newfoundlanders themselves, and the interesting fact that that great island has a peculiar claim on the Mother Country as the oldest of all her Colonies. As for the importance to her of her fisheries, it is not too much to say that they are all-important. There are in the island one or two paper-making industries on a big scale, and the ironworks on Belle Island in Conception Bay are very considerable, but the harvest of the sea, the cod, is the food and the life-stuff of the people. A very good feature of the approaching settlement is that it indicates a further distinct step towards the millennium when all men's mutual troubles shall be resolved by an appeal to arbitration rather than to war.

A great many people play bridge, and a few fortunate ones occasionally make grand and little Slam, but a very small minority, most likely, have any idea of the origin of the name of this pleasant but uncommon score. Close to Boston, in the United States, is the outlying town and harbour of Salem. Certain prisoners, kept here in confinement, amused their weariness by inventing and playing a card game, into which they introduced terms borrowed from the place-names in the neighbourhood. In the bay are two islands, called respectively Great and Little Misery. These names were adopted for their game, and have found their way into ours. We even have a game called "Misery Bridge." It is rather curious to think of these Boston prisoners inventing these terms which were destined to come into use again after all these days intervening. "Slam" is simply Salem abbreviated to a monosyllable.

EARLY PICTURES OF AMERICAN FAUNA.

NOWADAYS, when we expect to see even the most trivial happenings depicted in next morning's illustrated papers, it is difficult to realise that not more than three or four centuries ago it took practically one hundred years to obtain pictorial publicity for one of the most startling events in human history. For the newsvendors of the sixteenth century actually allowed ninety-seven or ninety-eight years to elapse between Columbus's landfall and the day when the burins of two diligent artists, one working at Antwerp, the other at Frankfurt-on-the-Main, first brought the wonders of the New World pictorially before the astonished gaze of their contemporaries. How sluggishly the creaking hand-presses of those days were apt to work is illustrated by the fact that it took more than fifteen years to make public even the name of the newly-discovered world, for the first time that the word "America" figures in print is on the famous Waldseemüller "Mappemonde," published in the year 1507!

Researches in respect to early pictures of the New World cannot be said to have been prosecuted with the specialising intensity that is devoted to other less attractive subjects, and

whole life in Italy, remained even in his mature years—he was born in 1523 and our picture was not drawn before 1588—faithful to his native tongue. But to make quite sure that there should be no mistake in regard to the animals' nomenclature, he took the trouble of writing their names either below or above each beast on the face of the drawing. By the kindness of Court Counsellor Ritter von Wieser, one of the greatest authorities now living on this subject, and editor of the "Cosmographie Introductio," in which is contained the aforesaid "Mappemonde," I am enabled to give an authoritative translation of this ancient text. It runs:

"In order that the reader may understand the drawing of the animals:

"*Tamandoa* (which is the beast at the base of the tree) is as large as a sheep; it has broad feet, with which it scratches ants together; it has a large slit instead of a mouth, a long tongue to lick up ants, and a round stern.

"*Cerigon* (the bearlike beast above the former at the left side of the tree) is an animal of the size of a fox, with a hide like a bootlace (?); it has two bags below at its stomach, in which it carries its young, who hold on by sucking.



AMERIGO VESPUCCI'S LANDFALL, DRAWN BY STRADANUS OF FLORENCE.

perhaps the present attempt may lead to a fuller study. There is a large field. Much in the same way that it was actually left to the present twentieth century to discover in a long-forgotten cupboard in the muniment-room of the remote Suabian castle of Wolfegg the only existing copy of the aforesaid "Mappemonde," a similarly recent accidental discovery has brought to light another relic of America's early history. It is a sepia drawing by the hand of Giovanni della Strada, or, to give him his Latinised patronymic, Stradanus. This Italianised Flemish artist and pupil of Michael Angelo depicts Vespucci's landfall in a picture which contains what are probably the earliest existing pictorial representations of America's Fauna and Flora, with their names attached to them.

The drawing, in which the lights are heightened with white, measures ten and three-quarter inches in width and seven and a-quarter inches in height. As our photographic reproduction of it is too small to allow the writing to remain legible, we must refer briefly to this important detail. On the back of the drawing the artist wrote a description of the animals he depicts on the face of the sheet. It is written in mediæval Flemish, for it would appear that Stradanus, although he passed almost his

"*Anta* (the horse-like animal to the right of the tree) is large as a donkey or a small mule; it has a short tail, round ears, the lower lip long and round.

"*Pigritia* (the animal climbing the tree) is large as a fox, climbs trees, has fingers on its feet; because of its big belly it walks in fifteen days not further than one can throw a stone."

As an after-thought, probably, for there is no reference to it on the back of the drawing, Stradanus wrote its name above one plant in the drawing, viz., the word "*Ananaze*," by which he quite correctly designated the small West Indian pine-apple, his descriptions of the ant-eater, the tapir and the Mexican sloth being also fairly correct.

With the same careful regard to details Stradanus leaves no doubt who the mail-clad navigator with the astrolabe in his right hand and the banner with the cross in his left is meant to represent, for beneath his feet is written "*Americus Vesputius, Florentinus 1497*," by the same hand that has signed the drawing "*Joannes Stradanus*." Unfortunately the artist failed to do what he did in the case of some of his other less important drawings, viz., to date it. But we are able to narrow down the period when he drew it to the years 1588 and 1589. A line on

the back of the drawing below the Flemish text runs: "Compare Petrus Mofle the Jesuit's 'Historiarum Indicarum' in the second book." This well-known work was published in Florence in the year 1588. That the drawing must have originated



STALKING DEER IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

before 1590 is shown by the fact that a copper engraving after this drawing, forming part of a once famous series of Stradanus's illustrations, viz., the "Nova Reperta," issued from the press of the Galle brothers at Antwerp in the year 1590. That Stradanus intended this drawing to be used for this purpose is shown by his writing the word "America" reversed in the background of his picture, though Theodore Galle, who

interesting engravings of his time. It forms, next to the title-page, the first of the nineteen plates of the "Nova Reperta" series, which series, though far less numerous than the set of one hundred and four mediæval hunting pictures, known as "Venationes," has even greater antiquarian interest.

Regarding our drawing's claim to be the most ancient picture of its kind, the following details may prove of interest. One of the most precious "Americana" possessed by the British Museum is the set of drawings illustrating the manners and ways of the native inhabitants of Virginia made from Nature by John White, one of the one hundred and seven men who first settled the premier English colony on what is now the territory of the United States, viz., the island of Roanoke, established by Raleigh's captain, the adventure-loving Sir Richard Grenville, A.D. 1585. They deal, however, chiefly with the human element, and do not refer specifically to the Flora or Fauna of the newly established colony. Owing principally to Hakluyt's enthusiasm for the new discoveries in America, these drawings, soon after they reached England, were placed at the disposal of that energetic artist-publisher, Theodore de

Bry, on the occasion of his somewhat memorable visit to London in 1587. Taking them with him when he returned to his native city of Frankfurt-on-the-Main, he there set to work to immortalise John White's limnings in the first illustrated work of American travel ever published. With these illustrations he adorned the second edition of a "Briefe and true report of the new found land of Virginia," written by Thomas Hariot, one of John White's fellow-settlers of Roanoke. It was printed at Frankfurt, and was published in that city in the year 1590, and to-day is an excessively rare little tome.

Thus it is almost certain that, at the very moment that Theodore Galle was busily engaged in his workshop at Antwerp at his "Nova Reperta" plate after our Stradanus drawing, Theodore de Bry was similarly engaged in reproducing John White's pictures at Frankfurt, the two printed works appearing, as we have already said, in the same year. Of the highest importance from an anthropological point of view as is de Bry's publication with its twenty-three plates, its lack of references to Virginia's Fauna and Flora makes it for the zoologist and botanist of far less interest than is the one drawing by Stradanus's master pencil. Where the latter obtained his information or designs is unfortunately unknown, for the work to which he refers his readers is not illustrated; but, on the other hand, it is quite possible that he obtained his matter from the learned Jesuit author



SEALING IN 1596.

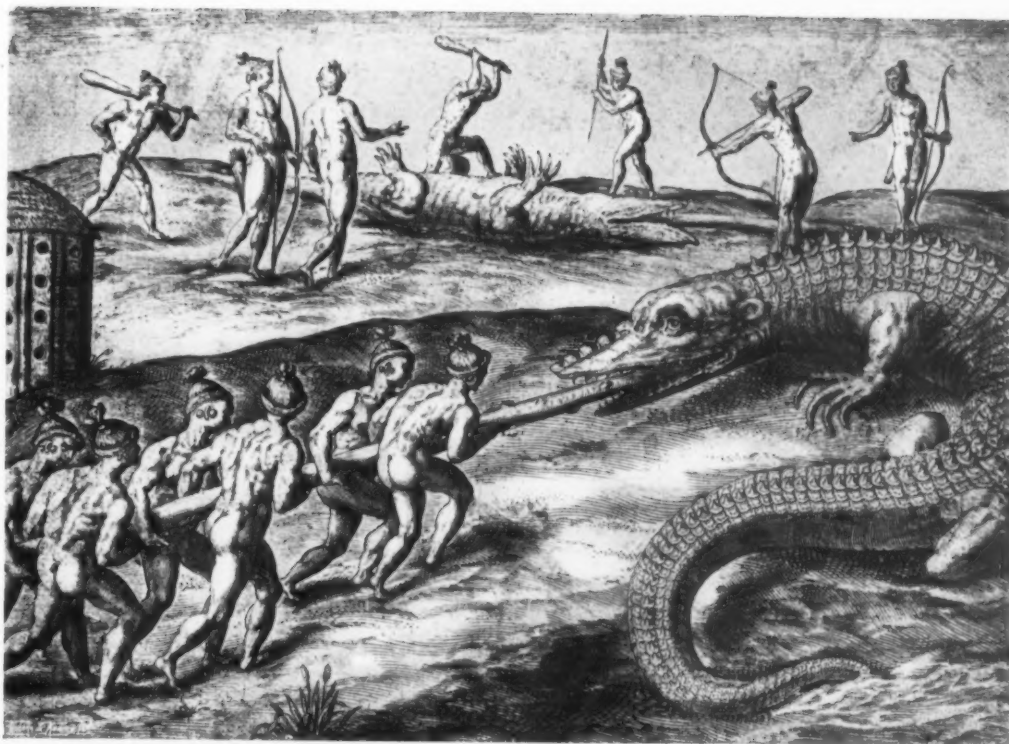
engraved it on copper, omitted to transfer it on to his plate, an omission which also occurred in respect to the animals' names. It was probably caused by his desire not to detract from the artistic effect of what is one of the most

who wrote the text of "Historiarum Indicarum," one of the most important works on early American geography.

There is some evidence that the pictorial material that Stradanus had before him when he drew our picture of Vespucci's

landfall was of an earlier origin than can be assigned to John White's drawings. The shape of the astrolabe in Vespucci's hand and that of the three-masted caravel indicate the middle rather than the last quarter of the sixteenth century, Stradanus, on account of his wide travels, being probably conversant with these details. Thus Sir Francis Drake's astrolabe (preserved in Greenwich) is a very different-looking and much less simple instrument. All the animals depicted by Stradanus are those inhabiting the more southern regions discovered by the earlier explorers. Another detail pointing in the same direction is that Stradanus makes his aborigines cannibals. The two trussed human legs, one roasting over the fire, the other lying more in the foreground of the picture, leave no doubt on that head. This indicates that the artist had in his mind the earlier accounts of aboriginal customs, to which White's pictures contain not a single reference. In an age when artists and authors copied their predecessors' or their contemporaries' works in a most barefaced manner, excusable to a certain extent by the extraordinary dearth of original material illustrative of foreign countries, and especially in respect to that land of wonders, America, we can be sure that Stradanus had at the time not seen White's work, and presumably had earlier material before him.

There is one point relating to our Stradanus drawing which still deserves some comment, *i.e.*, its importance as a guide to the identification of the only existing portrait of Vespucci from life. There exists, besides the rough marginal woodcut in the framework of Waldseemüller's "Mappemonde," supposedly representing the navigator's features, and several quite apocryphal portraits, only one quite authentic picture

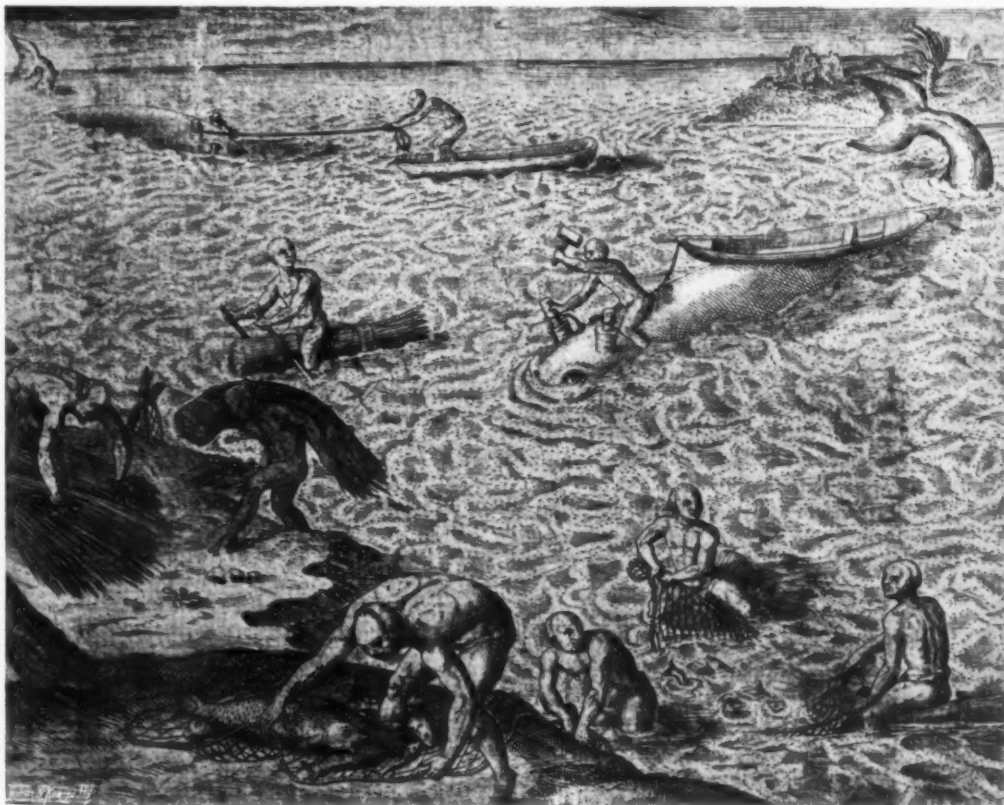


ALLIGATOR HUNT, FROM DE BRY'S BOOK ON AMERICA.

of Vespucci from life. It is, as is probably needless to say, the fresco painted by Ghirlandajo on an arch in what was then the Vespucci family chapel in the church of Ognissanti in Florence. More than a century after the great master had completed his fresco the chapel was ceded in 1616 to another prominent Florentine family, the Baldovinettis, and as a consequence the Vespucci picture was whitewashed over. In this condition it remained hidden for nearly three hundred years, when in the spring of 1898, on the eve of the Vespucci quatercentenary, a learned enthusiast, Father Razzoli, after lengthy searches in the archives, rediscovered the interesting painting, sending, as many will remember, a thrill of excitement through the art world.

The fresco represents the Vespucci family, the six males being grouped on the one side, the females on the other side, of the Madonna of Mercy. When Vasari in 1550, in pursuit of his studies concerning Ghirlandajo's works, examined this fresco and described it in his life of that artist, he failed to particularise which of the six males is meant to represent Amerigo Vespucci, "who made the voyage to the Indies." Hence, as no other means exist to identify the hero, nothing positive could be said on this head; but the following remarks will show that Stradanus's landfall materially assists in identifying which of the males in the fresco is intended to represent the Florentine whose good fortune it was to have a vast continent named in his honour.

Ghirlandajo painted the picture before the year 1480, probably about the year 1475. Amerigo, who was born, according to the register of baptism of St. Giovanni in Florence, in the year 1454 (our style), which entry is confirmed by another one in the census of 1458 (it names the members of the Vespucci family, stating that Amerigo was then four years of age),



FISHERS OF THE SEA.

was then a young man of twenty-one. As might be supposed, the ages of the four sons (the fifth figure is that of the father, Ser Anastagio Vespucci, the sixth that of the latter's brother, a Dominican dignitary of the Church, with a mitre on his head) depicted in the fresco would assist one in determining which of them was intended to represent Amerigo. But this is not so, for the latter's brothers, Antonio, Giralamo and Bernardo, differed in age from him by one or two years only; and as all four are represented with clean-shaven faces, the picture furnishes no decisive clue. The Commission of Art, consisting of famous experts, that soon after Father Razzoli's memorable discovery examined the fresco with a view of determining this very question, were unable to arrive at decisive conclusions; but they expressed the belief that it was probably the youngest-looking of the four Vespucci sons—the one standing between the white-haired father and the Madonna—who was meant for Amerigo. Now if we examine Stradanus's landfall and compare Vespucci's face with the physiognomies of the four youthful personages in the fresco all doubt is at once removed. For among the latter there is only one—that of the youth standing between the father and the Madonna—which could possibly, in after age, develop into the aquiline-nosed,

strongly-marked features of Vespucci as Stradanus has represented him.

As Vespucci died in 1512, before Stradanus was born, the latter's picture of his famous townsman can make no claim, of course, to be a portrait in the true sense of the word; but, on the other hand, it is more than likely that real portraits were still in existence and facing Stradanus when the landfall was drawn. For as one of the first artists of Florence, Stradanus would have hardly dared to palm off an imaginary portrait of a local celebrity whom many of his fellow-citizens must have still seen in the flesh. The strong family resemblance between Amerigo's father in Ghirlandajo's fresco and Stradanus's Vespucci is but another link in the chain of evidence that lends importance to our drawing.

Our remaining illustrations are taken from a later work illustrated by Theodore de Bry's masterly graver, a number of highly interesting and now exceedingly rare editions of works on America having been issued in the last decade of the sixteenth century from his presses at Frankfurt. Unlike those for which John White's drawings served as originals, these later designs were far less truthful limnings, and show a good deal of imagination.

WILLIAM A. BAILLIE-GROHMAN.

AGRICULTURAL NOTES.

POINTS IN SEED GERMINATION.

THERE is a good deal of interest in noting the variety which different seeds exhibit in their germinating capacity. Some take very much longer than others and then do not show the same percentage, while others rapidly produce nearly cent. per cent. of seedlings. I

am referring to tests made in the laboratory, but they correspond to some extent to what takes place in the soil. Lettuce, for instance, is uncertain in the garden, and so is beet, and I have found them the same in the laboratory, while cabbage and turnip are equally rapid and per-cocious in both cases. A time limit should always be observed to get proper results, as this shows the "germinating energy," which means the rate at which the seeds burst and the size and strength of the young shoot at a given time. The time limit varies a good deal, and it is very important to have this check, for irregular germination in the soil may be a cause of loss, and when the seeds are behind time old or weak seeds, which may mean ultimate disaster, are indicated. I have found great differences in this respect, as well as, of course, in the number which will germinate at all under the conditions. On the other hand, healthy seeds

will, to some extent, germinate a considerable while before the time limit has expired, and the percentage of such seeds is a good test of their vitality.

POISONOUS EFFECT OF HORSETAIL ON HORSES.

Reports from America show that this plant annually poisons a considerable number of horses. It is known to botanists as

Equisetum arvense, and as it is a common weed in undrained grassland in England, some account of the symptoms noticed may be of interest to stock-owners. Curiously enough, the observations made on the subject showed that it is only poisonous in the form of hay, and not in the green state; also that considerable quantities must be eaten over a long period, but the symptoms may be developed after a few days up to four weeks. This depends on age and condition, and young horses, as might be supposed, show signs of poisoning sooner than old ones do. The appetite is no guide to a healthy condition, until the later stages, and horses well fed on grain are less prone than animals less favourably circumstanced. At first, that is, for the plant seems to induce a depraved appetite after a while, and eventually the symptoms connected with severe stomach impaction and acute poisoning appear, and the



A WILLING SERVANT.

horse falls down. A purgative or linseed oil is recommended as soon as poisoning appears to have set in, followed by nux vomica until the muscles are controlled. G. T.

PICKLING POTATOES AGAINST DISEASE.

It will be remembered that in 1909 I referred to a discovery of an old farmer that pickling potatoes in a mixture of sulphate of copper was a preventive of potato disease. Last year I tried it under excellent conditions. That was, the potatoes were planted on entirely new soil—a piece of broken-up pasture—and there were no other potatoes planted within a quarter of a mile. I planted one patch, that was nearly adjacent to the others, with untreated seed. The result was that this patch was not worth the digging. The same sorts of seed from the same bags were dipped in copper sulphate solution. These held out much longer in the haulm, and I had a very useful crop of potatoes, which are keeping well. But I observed a few "blinds." I did not know whether to attribute these to bad seed or the action of the pickle. At that time I intimated that in all probability the experiment would be tried elsewhere. I have been awaiting results. The first of these has been those of Mr. W. A. Barnes, Professor of Agriculture, Dublin University, who writes: "I selected six lots of Up-to-Date potatoes, twelve tubers in each lot, all as equal as possible, and none of them cut. No. 1 was steeped in a 10 per cent. solution of sulphate of copper for ten minutes, No. 2 in same for twenty minutes, No. 3 was neither steeped nor sprayed, No. 4 was steeped in same solution for thirty minutes and No. 5 for an hour. No. 6 and 6, planted at either end of the other lots, were not steeped, but were sprayed with the ordinary Burgundy Mixture. In No. 1 three tubers failed to germinate, and four tubers in No. 2. All of No. 3 (the unpickled lot) grew, and had a healthy appearance up to the advent of blight in the district; five failed to germinate in No. 4, while in No. 5 only three plants came up. The stalks from the sprouted tubers in the pickled lots were weakly and sickly looking from the start. From the foregoing it is plain that with Up-to-Dates a 10 per cent. solution of sulphate of copper has an injurious effect on germination. Notwithstanding the strength of the solution the pickling had no effect whatever on the prevention of blight on the leaves, which on August 15th were completely destroyed, same as on No. 3, the unsprayed and unsteeped lot. The yields from the seven drills or plots, expressed in tons per statute acre, were as follows:

No. of Drill.	Totals.	
	Tons sound.	Tons bad.
0.—Same as No. 6	11.8	.24
1.—Steeped ten minutes	2.8	.24
2.—Steeped twenty minutes	3.2	.25
3.—Untreated	8.8	.65
4.—Steeped for thirty minutes	1.4	.20
5.—Steeped for sixty minutes43	.15
6.—Unsteeped but sprayed with Burgundy Mixture	12.7	.25

It would seem from these experiments that not only was the solution ineffective, but that it was manifestly harmful." Mr. Michael O'Riordan, County Limerick, also experimented with the pickle. He took a quantity of Champion "sets" cut potatoes, and sprinkled them with a 3 per cent. solution of sulphate of copper—in the same manner as is done with wheat—thoroughly saturating them with the mixture. The "sets" were allowed to remain spread out on a concrete floor until they were perfectly dry. They were then planted in ridges. As to the results, nearly half the "sets" did not germinate, and what did come up were of very weakly growth. The pickling had no effect in preventing the ravages of the blight. There was hardly a trace of green on the stalks by the middle of August, while potatoes planted in the next ridges and sprayed remained green into September. The yield was very small, only a handful of rubbish, not worth digging, while the sprayed potatoes gave a fair return considering the continual rainfall through most of the growing season. It can be easily imagined that the application of a corrosive liquid to the raw surfaces of cut potatoes would not improve their germinating power. As I have received several queries in connection with this pickling I give the foregoing as being the best information I have obtained up to date. In the West of England the summer practically upset every spraying experiment, and it is to be hoped that those who have tried in 1910 will renew the attempt in 1911, so that confirmatory or other results may be obtained.

IN FLOODED FIELDS.

Farmers on the hills have been complaining of the continuous wet, but they can scarcely realise what it has meant to the farmers situate on the low levels of Somerset, for instance. True, the farmers there expect floods, but not to the extent that they had them in the late autumn of 1910. It has been quite possible to go for a sail over vast areas of the finest pastures in the West, and many farmers have found their flat-bottomed boats the only means of communication between themselves and their stock. The farmers with upland pastures have managed to get their stock there, but those with their farms all in the levels have had a rough time indeed, and at Bridgwater and other markets farmers have been compelled to part with their cattle at much lower values than they would take could they but find accommodation and a dry bed for them. Those with sheep have had a worse problem to face. Not since 1879 and the early eighties has the fluke been so much in evidence, and farmers are dreading the advent of the first succession of severe frosts. Some have certainly minimised the evil by giving abundance of dry food and rock salt. E. W.

COUNTRY LANES.

THERE is a charm about country lanes which those who appreciate the face of Nature in her more sober aspects will readily admit. The charm is all the greater in days when the rush and dust of motor-cars have for quiet people spoil the peaceful associations of the highway. The motor cannot invade the calm seclusion of the grassy lanes, and even a bicycle is of little use in these sequestered thoroughfares.

In some parts of England lanes are more characteristic of the country-side than in others. The leafy lanes of Devonshire, with steep, mossy banks on either side, the haunt of choice and delicate ferns growing out of the rich red soil, are a feature, and not the least attractive feature of that favoured county. In parts of Cornwall deep, rocky lanes often run for miles together on the banks of which, especially in the neighbourhood of Saltash, the beautiful bastard balm and the exquisite blue alkanet love to flourish. The water lane in the parish of St. Martin's, Guernsey, which opens out on the lichen-covered cliffs of Moulin Huet Bay, is one of the most charming spots in the island. In the counties of Surrey and Sussex, again, lanes are characteristic features, and add much to the charm and interest of the country-side. The lonely chalk downs in the neighbourhood of Winchester are intersected in many directions with green lanes, along which it is possible to wander for days together without meeting a fellow-creature, except, perhaps, a company of gipsies or a shepherd-boy minding his flock. The trackway along which the body of William Rufus, "dripping gore all the way," was carried in the cart of Purkiss, the charcoal-burner, from the Forest to the city of Winchester, may still be traversed, between tall hedges of hazel and dogwood, with here and there a solitary yew tree, and overgrown with rank grass and herbage. This lane, at least a thousand years old, retains its ancient features; small birds, linnets and finches and various kinds of tits haunt the hedgerows, a tangled mass of clematis and woodbine and wild roses, while on every side the mournful cry of the peewit will be heard.

In one of Gilbert White's Letters he notices, among "the singularities" of Selborne, the two rocky, hollow lanes, the one to Alton and the other to Woolmer Forest. These lanes, he tells us, running through the malm-lands, are by the traffic of ages and the fretting of water worn down through the first stratum of the freestone, and partly through the second, so that they look more like water-courses than lanes, and are bedded with naked rag for furlongs together. In many places they are reduced sixteen or eighteen feet beneath the level of the fields, and after floods and in frosts exhibit very grotesque and wild appearances. Moreover, he tells us that these rugged, gloomy lanes delight the naturalist with their "various botany," and particularly with the "curious *Filices* with which they abound." These "hollow lanes" are no longer used as thoroughfares, and present an even wilder appearance than they did a hundred years ago. In places it is hardly possible to make one's way along, so overgrown are they with brambles and rank herbage. But some interesting plants flourish in these neglected lanes. The yellow St. John's wort and the purple foxglove are naturally abundant, and the distinguished-looking tutsan, so dear to the ancient herbalists, is to be recognised here and there. In early spring the golden saxifrage blooms as freely as in the days of Gilbert White, and on the very spot in the deep hollow lane, near Norton Farm, where the great naturalist found the rare bear's-foot or green hellebore, the plant flourishes as in the days of old.

Even in East Anglia, where the nature of the soil and scenery is entirely different to that of Hampshire and of the West of England, the solace of quiet lanes may be found. In the neighbourhood of Felstead in Essex there are miles of unfrequented lanes, bordered sometimes with stretches of green herbage, the haunt, especially in autumn, of flocks of goldfinches, which love to feed on the thistle seed which there abounds. These lanes were well known to the old botanist, John Gerard, who, in his "Herbal," records many species of choice wild flowers to be found there. Another lane, not many miles distant, is sacred to the memory of John Ray. It runs from Black Notley, close to the spot where the house of the famous naturalist formerly stood, to the beautiful remains of Lees Priory. Ray loved to wander along this grassy lane, and to notice the insects and plants that abounded there. It is frequently mentioned in his "Synopsis of British Plants," and many of his species still remain. The butcher's broom and the "Gladdon or Gladwyn" are common, now as then, in the thick, tangled hedgerows, and the linden tree, "called hereabouts Pry." J. VAUGHAN.

*Ward Muir.**HOAR FROST ON THE MEADOW.*

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TALES OF COUNTRY LIFE.

A BLUE UPRIGHT.

BY
EDITH MARY MOORE.



THE brown stream leapt and flashed round its miniature islands and the sandy strands of its tiny bays.

One called it brown in despair of language, which has no words to reflect the colour of the Dartmoor waters. Rembrandt must have dreamed of such when he painted his luminous backgrounds—that is the nearest that any human art has come to their colour. Even after a tempest, when their hurrying flow carries down the peaty burden of the hills, there is still a bronze undergleam of light; and before a few hours are past, again you may count the pebbles on the floor and, if you are cunning and quiet enough, the crimson spots of the trout which venture out again from beneath the sheltering alders of the banks.

A man came out of a white, thatched cottage which stood flush on the narrow road running along by the little river, and from whence one could never escape the sound of its passing. He looked with a passionless eye upon the marvellous scroll of country outspread before him; hills and ever more hills, rounded and vivid green, swelling up to the austere lines of Dartmoor, broken by rude outlines of its tors. On those far heights cloud-wracks passed and lifted in purple splendour, but the sun shone on the near beauty of the valley, where ferns grew riotously, and the bracken was of a tall man's stature, and the sleek red cattle browsed in the lush meadows. The man narrowed his observance of this outspread glory to strict relationship with that which concerned himself. He was there to fish. He considered that he had learnt all the necessary lessons life has to teach us, and one of the principal was the necessity of a common-sense attitude towards the phenomena of life. As a boy he had rhapsodised over such a scene, and what had it led to? Being assured of cause and effect, he cast a brief glance over his tackle and, taking a tweed hat from his head, surveyed the flies set thereon with some exasperation. He was here for three weeks' fishing; one week was already gone, and all that brave array of flies had accounted for were three trout, each a scant eight inches long.

The keeper's wife, at whose cottage he was staying, had brought them in smilingly for breakfast. "Nice size, sir," she murmured each time.

His perfunctory "Yes" led her to the conclusion that he was a bad sleeper.

Should he select a Red Spinner and a Blue Upright, or a Greenwell's Glory and a Black Gnat? He turned the hat round, gloomily. A Red Spinner had certainly accounted for two fish yesterday, but they had only measured six inches, and though the regulations allowed the keeping of five-inch fish, he had returned both to the stream. He was accustomed to loch-fishing in Scotland and an eight-inch limit, and he felt anything less to be somewhat in the way of a meanness. A fisherman may be a braggart, but he is invariably punctilious in his methods of pursuing and capturing his quarry.

He brought out the slender, dipping rod; a Blue Upright was already on. He selected a Black Gnat for the second fly and set out for the lower reaches of the stream. They were easier to fish than the upper, being less overhung by trees, and the alders fewer along the banks and in the shallows. He flicked the line as he went with a clean, swift action. He knew something of fishing. Incidentally, he believed he knew everything about women.

A sensation, which almost amounted to exhilaration, grew upon him as he walked through the wet grass towards the first likely pool. Several things had prevented his going to Scotland this year, and, feeling aggrieved, he had come to this Dartmoor stream. This morning he was almost glad that he had been

driven here. In the upper part of the river which he had again carefully surveyed yesterday there were trout lying under the banks worthy of any angler's skill; noble fellows, lazily whisking their tails, apparently alive to the fact that men do not carry rods on the Sabbath.

The keeper had sympathised with him in that these monarchs were not likely to be tempted by fly, and had added that, being cannibals, it would be a good thing if the stream were rid of them. This had aroused his fisherman's ardour, for though others had not succeeded, might not he? Had not the immortal fisherman, even though he wrote of a Compleat Angler, acknowledged that fishing is not attainable by common capacities, and "like mathematicks can never be fully learnt."

He turned a corner cautiously, and there, sitting by the pool he had mentally commandeered, was a woman! She was dressed in dull green, with a linen sun-bonnet. He was forced to acknowledge the suitability of the colouring, in face of the last week's experience of the wariness of the fish of this limpid hill stream.

And this woman was fishing.

Even as he came upon her she flicked her short two-piece rod with as neat a cut as he had ever witnessed. He watched, perforce annoyed at the ease with which she sat there; he had grown stiff on many a day last week kneeling and stooping round the edge of the alders.

The rod bent! He forgot his annoyance before the interest of the moment. She played the fish for a minute, then cautiously worked him to a shallow spot, and there was a quivering leap of shining scales upon the grass. She carried no landing-net. Roger Dewhirst gave a brief lift to his fly-trimmed hat. "A quarter of a pound," he commented.

She turned with a free, unsurprised gesture to the voice. "They are rising well," she said, and added, "I am not going on. A boy in the village has broken his ankle, and I promised him a trout for dinner."

She had surrendered the stream! But because she was a woman he forbore to ask what fly she had used.

He fished the lower reaches all the morning, and again his only capture he returned to the stream. As he neared the cottage towards evening, he met a man who had fished the upper waters with the same scant success. They compared flies. They were both strangers to the place. Then the other man said: "They tell me at the post-office that the vicar's daughter is a wonderful angler; she can throw a fly into a teacup."

Dewhirst could not have felt more annoyed had he been assured she was a Suffragist. Knowing everything about women, he knew their proper limitations. Fortunately for the state of his temper he did not meet her again until near the end of the week, and then under most inopportune circumstances. There was a drifting mist, with a gusty wind blowing, and it had caught his gut, on a back throw, high up in the branch of a blasted ash.

He was swarming up the trunk, with the rotten branches breaking round him, when a voice called out:

"I think I could get it for you if you bend down the branch with your net."

Damning the whole of creation, he obeyed her suggestion. With a quick spring she caught at the branch and freed the hook. He slid down stormily and thanked her.

"The trees are a nuisance," she said in her frank voice. Then a ripple of laughter flashed into her eyes, and so across her face, and leapt into music on her mouth. So spontaneous and transforming was it that before he was aware he had joined in.

"I must have looked a fool," he admitted, and met her eyes. They were blue, and each bore in the iris a brown spot, as though to certify her kinship with the trout.

"I think a Coachman is the likeliest fly on an evening like this," she volunteered.

His selection, though a generous one, did not include a Coachman. She gave him a local address where they might be obtained, and bade him good-evening.

He stood, unconsciously figuring her in the swirling waters. If it had been in the days before he had "understood" women, he would have found a ready likeness for her in that variable river, with its flashing lights and shades and the still security of its unexpected pools. He did, indeed, forget himself to the length of hazarding whether the transparency of her skin might be attributable to her bathing in one of those same screened pools. Directly he became aware of having imagined such a supposition he dismissed it with a peculiarly forbidding frown.

For the remainder of the week he pursued his prey with a ferocity unparalleled in piscatory annals. His feet trod and retrod the winding river banks until their very weeds were familiar to him, and until the white-chested dipper appeared to accept his presence as relative to the place and forbore to shoot up stream at sight of him, merely curtsying, as it were, to acknowledge his presence, and then continuing his own highly satisfactory angling. But the ancient ones of the stream still swung their gleaming tails in the bronze-lit waters, and only the darting youngsters made their inconsiderate rushes upon the amazing hackles of the fisherman's flies.

A fortnight had passed, and on this second Sabbath Dewhirst's attention was morbidly concentrated on certain fallen trunks and mossy stones which lie about the river's banks. Presumably beneath, in idle security, wriggled red and twisting there were places, too, in the cottage garden where might worms; he found certain lob-worms of broad tails, peculiarly relished by epicurean trout. As became a Christian fisherman on an English Sabbath, Dewhirst fought with this latest temptation in the serpent's guise. Did not his licence read: "Artificial flies only"? But, if truth is to be related, it must be told that he filled an emptied tobacco tin with moss and stowed it in his waterproof jacket before the day was over. It was the first occasion on which he had collected moss. He did not visit the pools of the stream this day; the callous indifference of its inhabitants repelled him.

After an early tea he decided to climb the hill in front of the cottage up to the grotesque Tor which crowns its summit, and which resembles a huge toad squatting. As he ascended, the rim of the earth rose up and out before him, unrolling summit after summit until it enclosed a vast bowl of valley, whose deep bosom sheltered the scattered farms and hamlets. A brisk wind grew more lively of strength, more scented with gorse. Dewhirst took off his hat—more condemned and bootless flies now ornamented it—and the wind lifted his thick fair hair in a tossed crest and swept his eyes, and made manifest an obscured truth, namely, that here was a man who still possessed his youth, and whose manhood was still strong enough for the heroic adventures of life. That he did not credit them was at the moment a small matter before the testimony of his being. He gained the Tor and stood there, sole spectator in the amazing amphitheatre of the hills. And because he had not yet quite lost the secret of the young, he stood in a bold, challenging attitude before the ancient face of the earth, as though his brief life yet sustained a more ancient secret than hers.

He had to retrace his way with some care, for he had forgotten the passing of the hours and twilight was closing in, and the slopes were honeycombed with rabbit burrows. The Dartmoor ponies, fat and thick-coated, stampeded before his going, and the red cattle stood up still and dark before an opalescent sky. As he neared the valley in a boulder-strewn space, half circled with wood, he remembered that a full moon would soon be up. Should he stay and see it flood those waiting hills?

He flung himself down and watched. The darkness deepened. A star glimmered on the horizon and the first owl screamed from out the wood. Above the tree-tops a few streaks of cloud lay drawn, and these now began to be infused with a gleaming transparency. Dewhirst's heart beat a little faster. Something strangely moving seemed to invest the hour, so that he sat up and gazed around him with the solemn wonder of a child. Then he discovered that he was not alone. Some fifty yards from him, and a little to the front, so that he could see nearly the whole of her face, a woman was seated; she was in white, and she watched for the uprising moon. And this woman, who appeared at one with the mystery of the enveloping night, was no other than she who had disturbed his masculine supremacy by the river. The combination baffled him. He knew the athletic and the sentimental type, and accorded a tolerant indifference to both; but under what reading in that

profound inventory of his knowledge of the sex could he now place her?

The gold rim of the moon shone out between the gauzy veils of cloud. Very slowly it travelled up, casting them behind, and, as its wide globe sailed clear, he saw that the woman smiled and clasped her hands.

He stole softly from the spot, even as an adventurer might steal from a forbidden country. Once he turned before he left, and then he saw that her head was bowed as though she wept. When he recovered himself he dismissed her with the reflection that—Women are neurotic everywhere.

On the succeeding three days a fierce sun travelled the path of an unclouded sky, and the fish lay deep under the banks; for Dartmoor is a stranger to itself when bereft of its tarrying clouds and the slanting drift of its mists, and the life native to it takes on a sullen inertness before the naked glare of an unveiled sun. Then a storm raged through a night of darkness and thunder, and the waters hurried down a hundred hills, and the voices of the rivers in the valley were clamorous, and again the morning showed a familiar tearful face, with a fitful gleam to light at intervals the wet and joyful earth.

The following was a true fisherman's day. Dewhirst dressed hurriedly, and, with a determination worthy of an executioner, strode down to the river to make good the last four days of inaction. He fished up and he fished down. He lurked by swollen pools and he flung cunningly across hurrying shallows; but the soft grass laid in the basket as a fit bed for the lustrous prey was undisturbed, for he had vowed to keep nothing short of that quarter-pound fish he had seen the vicar's daughter land. Dewhirst possessed his full share of masculine obstinacy, and it was roused to its full measure.

As a soft, windless evening fell, he removed the last two unavailing flies to his hat and, disdaining a precautionary look-out, took the box of moss from his pocket and affixed to the hook at the end of the gut a peculiarly red and lively worm. He would drop it under an alder by the bridge which ran over a farm road, and hang discovery.

He made his way thither, and a strong imprecation escaped him. The woman was there before him! And, yes, she was beckoning him; the slight rod she carried was bent double, and he heard the rush of the reel. She dashed forward, and the worm swung out unheeded behind him.

"I don't think I can land him myself," she called out above the voice of the water; "he's getting played out, but if he gets to that snag by the alder he'll break me yet."

He stood ready with his net, and she reeled in cautiously; but the gallant fellow made a last rush and again the reel whirled. He looked up at her; the brown spots in her eyes danced and the capable small hands worked sensitively alive.

"Now," she said.

He leaned quickly forward, and the leaping, exhausted thing lay like a wonderful spotted half-moon in the net.

She bent over it and a little tremor shook her voice.

"Poor dear," she said, "I've wanted you so long, and you've been so clever, and now I'm almost sorry . . ."

"Shall I?" said Dewhirst, and took the quivering thing and broke back the small pointed head and abstracted the fly. It was a Blue Upright.

"But I have had a Blue Upright on half the time," he said, and passed her his hat.

She surveyed the flies thereon, and a tiny malicious smile took her mouth.

"The local ones have a tail," she said, "and yours haven't. I would have told you when you saw me catch the other, but I guessed your reason for not asking."

"What?"

"That I was a woman."

"It is true," said Dewhirst, and, before the admission, an inexplicable weight seemed to lift, the weight which he had carried during all these years of his "understanding" of woman. A joyful bewilderment took its place, which made him desire to laugh or shout aloud. He stood looking at her until he found an excuse for the laughter which he felt bound to loose. He lifted his rod and dangled the worm before her. "This is what they reduced me to," he said.

She laughed back. "And even that would hardly have tempted them—I mean the ancient ones. Mine, after all, is only a half-pounder, and they must scale well over a pound. I have sometimes envied the poacher; only his stratagems would be equal to them."

He looked down at the scarlet-spotted half-pounder; already its vivid glory of colour was dimming. "It was a clever catch," he said; and he felt an incomprehensible pride that this woman should have done this thing.

Again they looked at each other, and he was seized with an absurd desire to ask her to run with him to the top of the shadowy

Tor and to gaze with him upon the solitude of the encircling world, and to laugh in the face of its unjustifiable silence.

He spent the whole evening in devising plans for some plausible introduction to the vicar, and at last recalled a neglected relative who bore the same name. Blessing the natural ties of humanity, he went to bed.

He forewent his obstinacy to the extent of keeping such small fry as fell to him during the following days. The relation stood him in good stead at the vicarage; family trees were discussed at length, and while the vicar groped about their tortuous branches, Dewhirst lost himself still further in the amazing bewilderment. It enwrapped him in every movement of the girl who moved beneath the low wide spaces of the old vicarage house; he found himself stammering before the direct challenge of the brown-flecked eyes; they accused that assured book of his knowledge of woman of so underlying a meanness that the blood rose to his face as though he had indeed wrought her some personal and acquiescing wrong. He marvelled that

he found the intrepidity to ask her to come with him up to the Tor on his last evening; yet he did, and she, with a magnanimity which took his breath, agreed to come.

Only the solitudes knew of what they talked and what miracle was again wrought in the face of the challenging silence. And only the Night knew that Roger Dewhirst, after he had seen her home, retraced each step of the way they had trodden together and, standing on the heights which the stars encircle, had knelt down, and the short prayer that moved his lips was: "God, I have looked upon thy world with a woman, and it is very good."

In a London drawing-room the place of honour is given to a small glass case with quite an insignificant trout with a Blue Upright in its mouth.

Roger Dewhirst is not considered a humble man by his friends; nevertheless, in all matters pertaining to the ancient art of angling, he always defers to his wife.

THE NETHERBY EXPERIMENTS WITH WILD DUCKS.—II.

BY J. G. MILLAIS.

NOW let us observe how the new ponds are made at Netherby. First, the site is chosen in the wood to one side, and below the Gap Burn, where the land is more or less flat. A few knolls or holes are no detriment, as on filling with water these form little islands or open spaces, which are advantageous. A section of parallelogram shape, one hundred and fifty yards long and about one hundred yards wide, is marked out, and the trees are felled (the sale of this timber, Scotch fir, pays for the making of the pond). Nothing is done to the main area, but banks about four feet high are raised round the pond, the bases and interior of these being filled with puddled clay and covered with sods. At the top left-hand corner an inlet is constructed some four feet above the stream-level, and about ten feet below, on the brook itself, a sluice-gate that can be lowered or opened at will. This controls the water supply, so that the pond can be raised or made shallow as required. Before filling it has been found to be a good plan to plant rushes round the base and sides of the surrounding banks, as



W. A. Rouch.

OFF TO ANOTHER POND.

Copyright.

these plants not only prevent side-washing, but afford a secure retreat and shelter for young ducks in bad weather. It is

also of importance that the pond should run out on one side to a level, as this gives the ducks landing-places, and is in summer a certain harbour of insects as the water retreats.

Bell, the duck-keeper, who is an unusually intelligent man, noticed that any old stumps of trees left sticking out of the water were usually crowded with duck preening themselves at certain hours, and so now flat boards are erected just above the water-level to which the birds can resort. Having filled the pond with water to a depth of three feet, it was at first found difficult to plant it with rushes; but this obstacle was overcome by the keeper in a simple manner. He waited until a hard frost came, and then, digging up some hundreds of the plants with the roots, laid them on the ice in an erect position, after first cutting the roots square at the bottom. As soon as the thaw came, the plants sank



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THE BURN POND.

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A—Pochard, B—Sheldrake and mallard, C—Sheldrake, D—Tufted duck.



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DUCK RISING ON THE ROBBINS POND.

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THE BECK POND.

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YOUNG PINTAILS, WIGEON AND SHOVELLERS.

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straight to the bottom in an upright position and took root in all the shallows. Thus the pond had all the appearance of an old and naturally planted lake during the first summer, there being equal areas of rush, marsh and open water. If we read the text-books on pond-making, we find diverse opinions on the merits of the common rush as covert suitable for ducks; but Sir Richard Graham believes that there is no covert to excel it, as the old birds use the tufts on all windy days as a shelter, and the young get right in under them in bad weather, finding quantities of insects there in the coldest days of spring. It has been found to be a good plan to allow the water of the pond to overflow its banks occasionally, as it prevents moles and rats, the chief enemies of ponds, from extending their ramifications, while the water only percolates away and rejoins the side streams.

No doubt much may be done with ponds to render them additionally attractive to wild duck of various kinds by planting and encouraging natural feed. At present this is only in its infancy at Netherby; but as time goes on various natural water plants which duck love, such as duck-weed (almost their favourite food), wild celery, wild rice, foxtail grass and wapata, will be used. Water-cress is also good. The duck like it, and also it holds much insect-life in summer. When using wild rice it must be remembered that the seed must be imported and sown wet, otherwise it will not grow; but under any circumstances its success as a British plant is very doubtful. The best covert on the banks are those shrubs which grow quickly and form immediate wind-breaks, such as broom and willows, the latter being most important. A few rhododendrons are also good, but take time to grow.

Sir Richard Graham, having found that mallard could be attracted in large numbers, soon turned his attention to the preservation of other surface-feeding ducks, and formulated the theory, a strikingly original one, that in the case of those species, such as pintail and gadwall, which are difficult to breed and retain, a race of home-staying birds might be created by raising hybrids between them and mallard, and again recrossing with gadwall and pintail, until at the third or fourth generation he had created a race of pure, or nearly pure, gadwall or pintail that would not be disposed to wander too far. This idea he has worked successfully, so that now there are at Netherby small flocks of what are to all appearances pure species, and which it is hoped in future will become numerous. The first thing to do was to get a race of home-dwelling wild duck of good strain as mothers, and by close observation and selection this was obtained. One curious fact was noted by Sir Richard, namely, that the wild ducks are bad and wandering mothers in the first year, and that it is not advisable to utilise them as such until the second or, better still, the third season. Then their first eggs are taken from them, and early in May, when they sit again, the eggs of pintail, gadwall or other surface-feeding duck are placed under them, with complete success. The progeny keep with the foster-mother till the autumn, and then often return themselves in spring to breed. In addition to this Sir Richard has found it an excellent plan to raise wild surface-feeding ducks by the following method: In November

a large number of mallard, wigeon, gadwall, pintail, teal, etc., are caught in the traps. These have their primaries cut, and are placed in a big wired-in enclosure and fed through the winter. At the end of February they are caught up, and the "stobs," or old quills, are pulled out by hand. The new primaries at once commence to grow, and the duck fly in twenty-six days. The object of the plan is this. By the end of March the duck are pairing, or have paired, and, it being too late in the season for them to go North and seek breeding-grounds, they are disinclined to travel, and so look for nesting-places in the immediate vicinity. This has been found to work well, and numbers of these winter penned birds are settling down to nest in "roughs" about the Solway Moss and woods.

Before leaving this subject of the pairing of ducks I would like to point out to future experimenters the great importance of fostering the "love matches" of ducks, an interesting phase in the character of these birds which I have fully explained in my work on the "Surface-feeding Ducks," and which may sound like some romantic dream, but is, nevertheless, literally true. A drake will only successfully breed with a duck with whom he has fallen in love, and any forcing together by man is generally attended by failure. I noticed this long ago when keeping ducks in confinement, and Bell, the keeper, who has a vast experience on this point, tells me that when he has accidentally paired a duck with another husband and placed the ill-assorted pair two hundred yards away in a pen, he has been



W. A. Rouch.

A CALL-DUCK ON THE WING.

Copyright.

struck with the restlessness and repeated cries of the duck to her old love, who in turn has been mated with another wife. Often has he seen a pair of duck, especially teal, apparently settle to affairs matrimonial, and then the drake will become wild and restless, running up and down and calling repeatedly to some charmer in the far distance. I have seen a duck and drake sit patiently for hours together, separated by some wire fence, and such natural inclinations ought always to be encouraged. It seems scarcely necessary to point a moral for the human species.

Before alluding to the commencement and gradual increase of the more interesting species of surface-feeding ducks now established at Netherby, it is necessary to point out that apart from the difficulty of getting the first birds to breed and return, it was found that the mallard were a considerable hindrance to such smaller duck as wigeon, pintail, teal, shovellers, etc., owing to their greedy habits. When food was placed on the peninsulas and islands of the various ponds, it was found that the mallard got most of it and actually drove aside the weaker species, thus discouraging them from resorting to those waters in any numbers. This difficulty has been obviated to some extent by the creation of numerous little lakes of highly different character, for it is noticeable that teal, pintail and shovellers resort to a "boggier" pond than mallard, wigeon preferring a somewhat open sheet of water.

The following species are now naturalised at Netherby in the lakes by the Gap Burn, and the history of their commencement and upgrowth will be of interest to others wishing to experiment with them:

PINTAIL.—Some pure birds were obtained from Halls of Sudbury, and twelve hybrid mallard and pintail were purchased in 1900. These hybrids, selecting the best coloured males, were recrossed with pure pintails, and again recrossed, until what are to all appearances pure-bred pintails have resulted. They have been found to be somewhat shy breeders, but a certain number now return regularly in autumn and spring. They are about fifty pairs at the present day, and none is killed.

TEAL.—Sir E. Grey and others interested in ducks have always found this species difficult to breed. After some failures Sir Richard Graham started his stock by setting the eggs of wild birds. Even this was not very successful, so he purchased forty or fifty pairs every season, cut their wings, and allowed them freedom in the spring when their primaries had grown again. This was highly successful, as the birds do not migrate, but stay about the Moss and woods and breed freely. In 1898 there were at the most two hundred teal on the Solway Moss Ponds, but in 1908 Sir Richard was able to capture in the traps eleven hundred, which would represent less than half the stock on the estate. They are now increasing rapidly. Teal wander both North and South; a ringed drake marked at Old Hall Marsh, Tolleshunt D'Arcy, Essex, on February 14th, 1910, was taken at Netherby the same year, and another of the same lot was captured on August 21st, 1910, on an island off the coast of Schleswig.

GADWALL.—In 1902 two pairs were bought from Halis. It was, however, three years before they commenced to breed. The eggs were at first placed under hens, and it was found that they were most difficult to rear, many going blind, a disease common to wild ducks reared under hens, and not found when the ducks rear their own young (the reason probably being the absence of oil



Rouch. MANDARIN AND CAROLINA NESTING-BOX. Copyright.

secretions). Sir Richard accordingly stopped this method and again tried the hybridising system by crossing gadwall drakes with common wild ducks. This was most successful, and the hybrids were found easy to rear. These crosses were again crossed and recrossed with gadwall drakes. The process was slow, but in 1910 the birds, which are almost quite pure gadwalls, bred freely of themselves and are now established. I saw about thirty on one lake, and the stock is said to be forty.

WIGEON.—The Netherby stock commenced with three, presented by Mr. H. St. Quintin in 1903 (Mr. St. Quintin's birds originally came from Sir Ralph Payne-Gallwey, who was, I believe, the first to breed this species in confinement). Sir Richard Graham also purchased one pair of wigeon from Halls, and all bred at once, the progeny being reared under hens. Now they nest freely in the rough grounds, and the stock numbers over a thousand. About four hundred are trapped and killed annually.

AMERICAN WIGEON.—This beautiful species, obtained from Jamrach (who imported the birds for the Duke of Bedford), has just been started and has bred with pintail and common wild duck. Sir Richard considers that there will be no difficulty in getting up a good stock in time, as they are as amenable as our wigeon. A pair of American wigeon were given to Sir Richard by Mr. H. St. Quintin, who bred them at Scampston; the duck was lost, but the male now at Netherby is by the American wigeon drake out of a mallard-wigeon duck.

SHOVELLER.—A few shovellers have been bred in the same manner as other species, being started by eggs obtained from Loch Spynie. In 1910 they bred successfully, and more return to Netherby each spring.

GARGANEY.—This species is not yet established, but examples come every spring and are captured.

MANDARINS AND CAROLINAS are both to be seen in freedom at Netherby. At first they bred far up in the fir trees in the old owls' nests, but now have boxes for their accommodation placed in the woods. The Mandarin is a good mother but the Carolina a bad one, so the eggs of the latter are generally lifted and placed under a foster-mother call duck, which makes the best of parents. At present the stock is not large, as it is at Woburn, but no doubt in time will increase in number.

Sir Richard has bred some very remarkable hybrids, some in which wigeon, mallard, gadwall and pintail all have a share, and has proved what was previously unknown to naturalists, that nearly all the true surface-feeders are fertile *inter se* and on to the fourth, fifth and sixth generation. So far he has not been successful in crossing teal with any other pure species, though I think it is likely he may be successful by mating a male teal with a female pintail, since the two species are so closely allied. It might be achieved with a female garganey, but that species is far more nearly allied to the shoveller, with which it would probably cross. I agree with Sir Richard that the so-called bimaculated duck, of which Suchetet gives eight or nine examples, is probably not a cross between mallard and teal, but a produce of a male teal crossed with a hybrid mallard and pintail, the commonest cross known among surface-feeding ducks.

At Netherby in 1903 a teal drake crossed with a pintail-mallard duck. Three eggs were laid, two of these hatched, and one, which proved to be a duck, was successfully reared. This interesting hybrid lived for three or four years at Netherby, but, being full winged, it departed and has not returned. Some of the first hybrids are very beautiful birds, such as the mallard and wigeon and wigeon and pintail. It is interesting to note in some cases the predominating influence of the sire; for instance, the mallard commands the pintail and gadwall hybrids, the common wigeon dominates the gadwall, and the American wigeon the common wigeon. The common teal probably commands the green-winged teal. Another interesting point in the breeding of ducks is that the drake of any species is most likely to be fertile just as he is "going off," wherefore a duck that is paired with him and has laid a large number of unfertile eggs often lays a fertile egg or two at the end of her sitting.

The traps used for catching wild duck at Netherby are of the simplest design and construction. They are, in fact, nothing but the old rat traps enlarged, which allow the birds to enter, but from which they cannot retreat. The trap is made of ordinary rabbit wire, supported in the centre and at the sides by strong stakes. When no catching is being done, the whole front is raised and food is placed leading up to and within the cage. On the night when it is desired to trap ducks, the front is fixed down, and the only means of ingress is the wire-netting "pipe," about six feet long. Food is scattered outside and along the pipe itself, and more placed inside where the duck can see it. Having devoured all the grain, chopped swedes and whatever is used for bait, the birds follow the supply up the pipe, and, once inside, never move backwards to find the exit, but try only to get out at the sides of the pen. Curiously enough, numbers of black-headed gulls, crows and rooks are caught in the enclosure, but water-hens invariably find the way out.

Sir Richard Graham has recently constructed two marshy ponds for the attraction of snipe, and these have been most successful. In fact, the very day the work was finished, a wisp

of 80 snipe rose from one of them, and a few days afterwards Sir Richard and his brother shot 27 on one of these ponds as the birds returned after being "flushed." What may be done on a pond artificially made for snipe may be illustrated by the fact that the late Duke of Westminster in his seventy-fourth year shot on November, 1899, at Eaton 72 snipe in one day. Woodcock also may be attracted in the same way by wiring in young oak and fir coppice against rabbits and foxes, and by planting rhododendrons.

BIRD-CALLS.

SOME ingenious avi-faunal pipes, or instrumental bird-calls, of curious patterns in carved and turned wood are now on sale. They represent the approximate "sum and substance" of certain avian notes in the hand—or, rather, against the lips—of men whose ears are sufficiently trained to detect the slightest difference in sound uttered in the worst possible auditorium, which is the open air. Blown by persons who have no intimate knowledge of particular birds, they are as useless as tin whistles; and instead of getting the responsive advance towards gun or camera, they scare a bird away. Bagpipes and trombones are notoriously disagreeable instruments when badly played, even if they come from the best workshop; indeed, the reputation of many exquisite, costly, indispensable instruments has been irretrievably ruined in some countries by bad impressions gained from their misuse. Convincingly good bird-calls can be ordered through any gunmaker from Continental manufacturers at a cost of from ninepence to, say, three shillings and sixpence, the price being ruled by the technicality of their parts and by the finish. But I have known young operators on these fanciful instruments fail where many "old hands" have had complete success with the crudest possible instruments made at home or with nothing at all beyond the lips and fingers. We all know how every February and March the newspaper world is deceived by correspondents' reports that the cuckoo has indeed arrived before his usual time, for he has been both heard and seen! Naturalists in the know of things have then the usual correction to make, after procuring circumstantial evidence, that some yokel has been practising "cuckoo" on the top of a five-barred gate, and that the long-tailed bird with barred plumage like a cuckoo which flew past was only a sparrow-hawk. Country yokels whose education has been obtained almost entirely in the open air are so wonderfully apt at imitating bird-notes that, could they but get complete mastery of some of these professed avian lutes, one might have cause to fear the rapid disappearance of many species of birds from given localities.

The best wildfowler is familiar with the calls of many geese, mallard, wigeon, teal, golden plover, curlew, redshank and other waders; but unless the mimetic gift comes to him when young he may be at a disadvantage for half a lifetime in being unable to call within shot-range the bunches of birds, or solitaires, upon which he has designs. As a rule, the expert wildfowler has had no opportunity of visiting these birds in their breeding-grounds, where their notes are unlike what one hears ejaculated as warnings when feeding gregariously on salting or marsh. The spirit of bird-language cannot be understood without the cycle of a year's continuous attention to it, and it is very important for the true ornithologist to be able to discriminate the differences between call-notes, warning-notes, conversation, song, etc., which cannot all be produced upon the instrument from a Continental workshop. Practice, patience and perseverance will be required to acquire the correct pitch and modulation of these sounds, for a cunning old bird will not be caught with chaff! No ordinary trader in wild birds, and very few of the irrepressible bird-catchers and pestiferous poachers, can manipulate the mechanical bird-call or produce one with their lips; but we rather fear that they will soon be alive to their own interests, and that police-court examinations will lead to their proficiency in this direction being published.

To the common "nest-poker," the more enlightened, ever-patient and persevering bird-photographer, the *bona-fide* field-naturalist, sportsman, woodlander, marshman and moorman, the art of attracting birds within a few feet by instrumental calls for a legitimate purpose has far-reaching, entrancing possibilities. One foresees not only better negatives secured without undue waste of time, but heavier bags of wildfowl and more crowded bird-dealers' shops. But, on the other hand, one foresees the birds becoming educated to all and sundry preposterous deceits which at first titillate the auricular nerve and have the desired effect. Many sounds unappreciated by human ears are often loud and full of grave meaning in the sensorium of wild creatures, and sounds which seem quite alike to us may be to them as far apart as the Poles. But, for the time being, it is obvious that one can conjure with their fancies in the breeding season, when they are more rash than at any other time. A pigeon told me that he was able to allure his birds in spring far better than in autumn; but that the more he practised his instrumental call the less notice they took of it. On one occasion I was present when he "blew them up" at a fairly high pitch while feeding. They craned their heads, looked askance as if puzzled, and a batch of them flew towards the hedge, from behind which he obtained a good shot. But they soon learnt to beware that hedge, and began to think twice before responding to the same call, which by and by entirely palled on them. Such a wary bird as the curlew would probably be one of the best test

pieces for the ornithological siffleur, for this wader is the best of all soaring quick-wits for sounding warning notes of which all other creatures within ear-shot take instant advantage; and its loud portentous cry on the moors in spring—a "kreer, kreer, kreer, coorlie-coorlie, kreer, kreer, kreer, kreer, eer, eer!" is surely inimitable.

Among the avi-faunal pipes in the market may be enumerated those of the curlew, redshank, snipe, water-hen, golden plover, green plover, mallard, wigeon, teal, wood-pigeon, rock-pigeon, pheasant, partridge, magpie and jay. Placed in a row and photographed, these pocket instruments are like curious Swiss toys of wood, carved or turned. Some are orbicular, or they variously resemble thin-sided brandy kegs, curious skittles and bottles, funnels to fill the same, castors for salt and pepper, spools and needle cases, obsolete flutes and clarionets and other instruments from "Ye Olde Musicke Shoppe," each with its mouthpiece and a stophole or two. As already stated, the prices vary, but are nominal at the most, no guarantee being given with any when sold; but they are excellent in their way beyond the stage of experiment. It has always to be remembered that birds have many privy notes of which we lack perception, and that even a wrongly modulated call-note will be construed by a bird at near quarters to mean that it is time to sound the alarm note!

I admit that experts handling home-made instruments of real utility for calling birds are as few and far between as ever they were. Even when met, my experience is that they are specialists in one line; they cannot generalise, and they would never shape to use with confidence any new-fangled instrument. I must own to never having seen a quail-pipe of any kind until an ancient fellow living on the borders of Hatfield Chase in Yorkshire pulled a set out of an untidy drawer in his cottage. These I wanted to purchase as a curiosity; but the old professional hand fondly imagined he would want them again some time, arguing that new quail-pipes were of no more use than new fiddles. To a waist-belt with a buckle were suspended three leather pipes, not unlike the teats of a cow, each carrying a mouthpiece like a whistle. Concealed with this instrument tied round his waist in a bared patch of corn during the month of August, he squeezed the air out of No. 1 pipe, which yielded a comparatively loud whistle deceptive enough to challenge any he-quail within ear-shot. The bird's instinct was to run in the direction of this sound, whereupon the quailer would squeeze pipe No. 2, whose note simulated a retreating bird's confession, "I am funky and will not fight." The third whistle impelled the oncoming dupe, and he, with bosom in a ferment of blended pugnacity and amorousness, rushed blindly into the net spread at the quailer's feet.

Little gangs of poachers will visit the grouse moors at an hour when night is dissolving into dawn. Each gang has three or four dummy grouse of the "stuffed," not taxidermically treated, kind. These dead decoys are erected on a boundary wall or a shooting butt close to the runs of cock grouse. Crouching low, the poachers wait in anticipation of some cock's "brag," or crow, which resembles "churra-wurra-beck, beck! go back, g'bak, bak!" and is really a challenge. As soon as they hear it delivered they fling themselves prone on the ling, knowing that a bird or two will fly up to the height of about twenty feet, as it to spy the land. With nothing more than a bit of twine and a piece of silk, the leader of a gang will essay to forge a hen-bird's response while lying on his stomach, the simulated sound being a half-gurgling, half-barking "yap, yap, yap!" Thereupon a whirr of wings is heard, and three fine cocks are next moment a-perch amid the decoys of other years set on the wall, their eyes ablaze. Bludgeons in hand, it is no difficult matter to run along the wall and knock down all the real birds and the false before the former have time to find out their fatal mistake and turn tail.

Birds of the so-called ventriloquial order, such as the landrail, cuckoo, water-hen, sedge-warbler and grasshopper-warbler, are called up with difficulty. The naturalist who supposes that he can easily locate the corncrake's whereabouts in tall, mowing grass quite mistakes that bird's guile, and a "wild landrail chase" by moonlight is therefore much more illogical than a "wild goose chase" by daylight. I once helped to make a party of six armed with simulated calls and hayrakes to surround, if possible, one of these both canny and uncanny birds. Several times we drew a cordon tight around his area; but the craking sound ceased at the commencement of each movement, and he slipped through it unobserved. Landrails seemed to be ubiquitous, the one spot we were working excepted. For a call we used two pieces of thin scrap-iron, one

notched along the edge, the other smooth, striking them together in proper time; also a comb, which somebody else struck along the edge of a knife. On two occasions these sounds fetched up birds near enough to be seen; but they made off with celerity on their lanky legs on finding out the hoax. HARWOOD BRIERLEY.

THE SCOTS BOX.

THE small brass-bound oak chest which appears in the accompanying illustration has an interest far greater than its decorative merits suggest, though they are considerable. The simple stand on which it is set is modern, and adds to its usefulness in its present employment as a box for music. On the name plate fixed to the middle of the lid is engraved the following inscription:

THIS IS THE ANCIENT
SCOTS BOX THAT WAS FOUNDED
IN YE YEAR OF OUR LORD 1611 IN THE
REIGN OF KING JAMES THE SIXTH OF
SCOTLAND AND THE FIRST OF ENGLAND
PSALM THE 133
BEHOLD HOW GOOD A THING IT IS
AND HOW BECOMING WELL
TOGETHER SUCH AS BRETHREN ARE
IN UNITE TO DWELL.

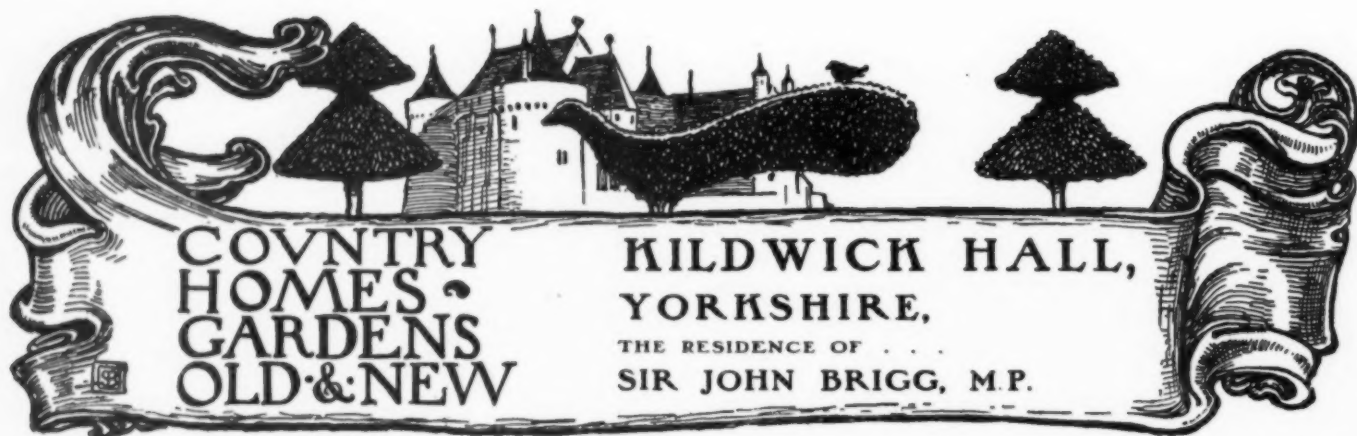
Considered merely as a piece of furniture, the chest has a marked interest owing to the beauty of its brass mountings. Its main

attraction is, however, the direct light which it throws on the history of the Royal Scottish Corporation; for the inscription clears up an obscure point as to the date of its foundation. This notable charity had its beginning early in the reign of James I. of England and VI. of Scotland. Before his accession the Scotsmen in London had been few and far between. In 1571, out of a total "stranger population" of four thousand two hundred and sixty-nine only thirty-two came from north of the Tweed. It would seem, however, that a good many of the monarch's poorer brethren followed him southwards, for *The Scottish Box* was an association of journeymen formed to prevent those in distress from becoming burdensome to the Southern stranger. It was, in fact, a Friendly Society, and became later the Corporation of the Royal Scottish Hospital, by which name it was described in a minute of 1712. In 1782 the

Royal Society sold to the Corporation the historic hall in Crane Court, Fleet Street, which, unhappily, fell to the flames in 1877, and all the paintings and most of the records then perished. The first of the latter, however, were of no earlier than 1620; but reference was made in them to the year 1613. "It is probable," says the Corporation's Year Book, "that the origin of *The Scottish Box* was about that period." This title was not a merely decorative one, but implied the existence of a definite box, and in the minutes of October 5th, 1658, we find the entry: "Money in the box counted in presence of the members, £61 6s. 3d." The Corporation now owns no box, or, at least, not the original one, for the excellent reason that it is in the safe keeping of Mr. Arnold Mitchell, at his home, Vineyards, Great Baddow, which is also illustrated in this issue. Twenty-five years ago he picked it up in a very dirty state in the East End of London, and thought he had secured nothing more than a pleasant old chest. A fervent application of brass polish to its metal fittings revealed, however, in due time the inscription already quoted. It seems to establish beyond question the fact, hitherto unknown, even to the Corporation itself, that the charity of *The Scottish Box* was founded in 1611, and that, therefore, this year marks the tercentenary of the foundation of the Corporation. The chest itself which gave the name was remade about a century later, for the date 1713 appears on the back in brass nails, and the whole of the decorative brasswork is doubtless of that date.



THE ANCIENT SCOTS BOX.



KILDWICK HALL lies in the same moorland district of Yorkshire that the Brontë sisters have made so well known to us by their lives and their writings. They lived at Haworth Parsonage, a little south of that growing industrial centre, the town of Keighley, to the north of which Kildwick lies. The nine miles that intervene was a long distance for so stay-at-home a family as the Brontës, but the Hall and its owner must have been well known to Charlotte, since she took her *nom de plume* from there. Kildwick Hall is the old home of the Currer family, and was owned by a Miss Currer, when Charlotte Brontë, wanting, as she tells us, to find a pseudonym that might pass for that of a man without using a definitely male Christian name, assumed authorship as Currer Bell. Her reasons for this particular choice she does not tell; but it should be noticed that Currers mated with Haworths and that the Haworth arms are impaled by those of Currer over the entrance door of the house. That house—as originally planned, and as it remains with certain additions and modifications—has a close likeness to the general type of the halls of the small Yorkshire moorland squires that the sisters knew and described, as Emily Brontë did the one she named “Wuthering Heights.” Though Kildwick is on a hillside, it was certainly not in her mind when she wrote her book, yet the description she gives of Heathcliff’s house answers for that of the Currers: “One step brought us into the family sitting-room without any introductory lobby or passage: they

call it here ‘the house’ pre-eminently.” Thus the hall at Kildwick, which is here illustrated, opens straight from the south porch, and was the main room of the house. It preserves its massive rafter ceiling like that which the authoress describes as having “never been underdrawn; its entire anatomy lay bare to an inquiring eye.” It is not in this room, however, that we find a “frame of wood laden with oatcakes and clusters of legs of beef, mutton and ham.” At Kildwick that hangs in the kitchen, where also we find the “ranks of immense pewter dishes interspersed with jugs and tankards, towering row after row on a vast oak dresser, to the very roof.”

Perhaps at one time the “house” at Kildwick presented in some measure the utilitarian domesticity, the mixture of living-room and kitchen, described by Emily Brontë. Certainly the accommodation was not originally large; but, at the same time, the character of its owners and its position close to a large and thriving village must have given to it a greater tone of civilisation than was possessed by some of the more remote moorland homes that the Brontës came across, and of which Mrs. Gaskell in her “Life of Charlotte Brontë” gives a striking example. A friend of hers, liking the appearance of a well-looking old house belonging to a man of some eight hundred a year, was going up to inspect it, when the native he was walking with declared, “Yo’d better not; he’d threap yo’ down th’ loan. He’s let fly at some folks’ legs and let shot lodge in ‘em afore now, for going too near to his house.”



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THE JACOBAN AND PALLADIAN GARDEN-HOUSES.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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A JACOBÆAN HOUSE AND A PALLADIAN GARDEN.

COUNTRY LIFE.

The Domesday Surveyors found that "Childewic" was, like the whole of the Honour of Skipton, *terra regis*, and with that great domain it soon after passed into the hands of Robert de Romillé. His daughter and heiress, Cecilia, gave the manor to the religious house which she founded, and which shortly settled at Bolton. The evidence of the good landlordism of the Bolton canons long survived in the form of a bridge that spanned the river Aire at Kildwick, and which they had built

belongs to the lords of the manor, and contains monuments of the Currers and a window displaying their arms and those of their connections, including those of Henry Curre and his wife, Anne Wade. He died in 1568, some ten years after he had acquired the manor, which had been more than once bought and sold since it had ceased to be a possession of the canons of Bolton, but has ever since passed by inheritance, though the blood of the Currers does not flow in the present owner's veins.



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ENTRANCE FRONT FROM THE DOOR OF THE "JUSTICE ROOM." "COUNTRY LIFE."

in the reign of Edward II. Now, unfortunately, it has been widened and its ancient appearance marred. It was probably also the canons who, shortly before their property was torn from them, almost entirely rebuilt the nave of the church which Whitaker, in his "History of Craven," tells us dates from the time of Henry VIII., and has a choir "extended to an unusual length, from which circumstance it has acquired with the vulgar the name of the Lang Kirk in Craven." Its north chancel aisle

Henry Curre seems to have belonged to the parish before he owned the manor, for the family pedigree starts with his father and calls him "of Kildwick." Such history as may appertain to this family is purely local, and interests us only in so far as it teaches us anything of the date and origin of the delightful house and garden that have come down to us in such excellent condition. Of their precise origin it is difficult to say anything very definite. Even the vast and ponderous Whitaker's



"COUNTRY LIFE."

THE PAVED TERRACE BEFORE THE SOUTH PORCH.

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"Craven," edited by Mr. A. W. Morant in 1878, adds nothing to the one short sentence with which the author dismissed the subject when he first published his book a hundred years ago: "The manor-house, a respectable stone building, perhaps a century and a half old, stands high above the church, with a very steep descent in front, but is sheltered by thriving plantations." The house was placed on the bank to the north of the public way and a few steps from the road led to the porch. The

continual rise of the ground and the fine woods that cover it not only protect the house from northern blasts, but greatly add to the general amenity and appearance of the whole composition. As regards the building and the garden architecture, we find that succeeding generations have worked in two distinct styles. The house clearly falls under the category of Jacobean, while the terracing, the detached pavilion, the gateposts and vases are typical of the garden-work that was done in England when William III. was King. There is much in the great solidity of the deeply-recessed window-frames and in the section of the mullioning that calls to mind houses built in the early days



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LILY POOL IN LOWER GARDEN.

"COUNTRY LIFE"

of Elizabeth, when Henry Curren became lord of the manor. But the conservatism of out-of-the-way rural districts led sons to follow in the footsteps of their fathers, so that the south front as it is to-day may well date from the seventeenth century. We can, however, hardly suppose it to have been new-built at the time when the coat of arms was carved in the panel above the door. They are those of Hugh Curren, impaling those of his wife, Anne Harworth. He succeeded his father at Kildwick

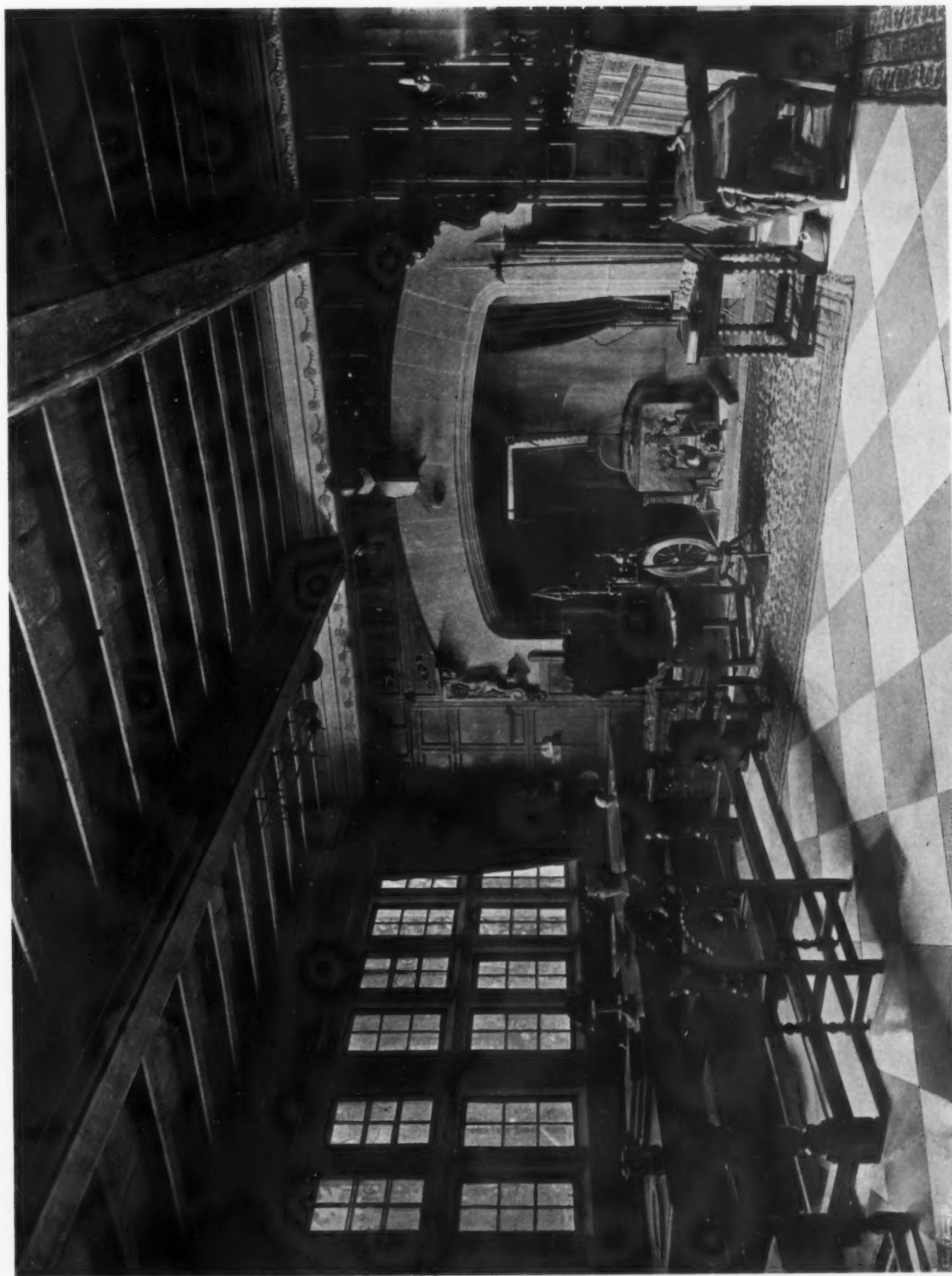
in 1653, and he died and was buried there in 1690. He again set his mark on the great stone arch of the kitchen fireplace, whereon are carved the initials "H. C." and the date 1673, as the illustration discloses. At that date Palladianism had triumphed in England, and it might even be supposed that Hugh Curren was the author of the gardens and the detached pavilion. They, however, belong to the next generation, for we read on the tombstone of his son, Henry Curren, who died in 1723: "He was a great proficient in the study of the law; but, allured by the charms of a private life, retired to the place of his birth, where he chused rather to employ the skill he had



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THE WEST END OF THE HALL.

"COUNTRY LIFE"



"COUNTRY LIFE."

THE EAST END OF THE HALL

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acquired therein to the benefit of his country, in the dispensation of Justice of the Bench, than to the improvement of his own fortune, in attendance at the Bar." The Palladian pavilion, though a Hepplewhite billiard-table shows the use to which it is now put, is still known as the "justice room," and is, no doubt, the place erected by Henry Currer "to the benefit of his country," as it is to be hoped the law-abiding section of his neighbours agreed. The rapid slope from the house to the road makes this building of two-storeyed height at its south end, which abuts on the road, and is lineable with the boundary wall on which fine stone vases are set, and which is pierced with a gateway flanked by very elaborate and ambitious gate-piers. Their capitals support the sections of a broken pediment, on which stand lions, passant gardant. The sculptor took some little licence with heraldry, no doubt thinking the general composition was improved by the lions' heads being turned towards the approaching visitor, although the Currer lion looks straight ahead.

Henry Currer, the lawyer, after the death of his first wife in 1697, married a widow of means, and this may have been the origin of the Palladian additions and alterations at Kildwick. They were not limited to the garden area, but appear here and there inside, consorting by no means uncomfortably with the older and more dominant Jacobean style. In the hall the latter has full sway, and an appearance of admirable completeness is given to the room by the many excellent and well-chosen examples of oak furniture placed here by Sir John Brigg. The three-storeyed Court cupboard at the west end of the room, if modest as an example of carving, is remarkable for its great size—it is nearly nine feet across and over seven feet high—and for its fine tone and condition. It shines at every point, but that is the result of elbow-grease and not of varnish. It is perfect in all details, including the delightful old iron drop handles to its upper line of cupboard doors. It possesses also a sentimental interest, for it came from the house which served as the model for Emily Brontë's "Wuthering Heights," and may, indeed, be the very piece she describes as the

pewter-bearing dresser. The smaller piece is very good, but less unusual, and so is the long table with carved rail that stands in front of the long eight-light window. The collection of oak chairs, both with and without arms, is typical of Yorkshire, not the least interesting being that made for a child. It is now very low, having, no doubt, lost the long legs usual in such pieces, but the rest is quite untouched, and is almost a fac-simile on a small scale of the large armchair that stands close by on the left-hand side of the fire arch.

Facing them is a settle, which may certainly be rightly described as in the full Jacobean manner, though carved on it, with the initials "I. A. A.," is the date 1691. If that was the date of its manufacture, it proves how late the Jacobean traditions lingered among the local furniture

makers, as it may also have done with the stone-masons, so that there would be nothing surprising in the discovery that Hugh Kildwick built, or at least re-edified, the house after he came into possession in 1653, and that his arms are an integral portion of the structure. It would merely mean that the æsthetic ideas prevalent in his youth were never driven out by those later developments, of which his son was an exponent, when it came to his turn to deal with the place.

To the son's time belongs the get-up of the drawing-room, where he left the old mullioned windows, and thus preserved the external congruity of the house while introducing new interior fittings, including a simple but very dignified marble mantel-piece. Furniture of the same style gives to the room a delightful sense of decorative unity. At that date also was contrived a very pretty little subsidiary staircase next the kitchen. It is of oak with balusters of good model. The older or main stairway lies west of the hall and is of stone built round a solid oblong caise, so that it is, in principle, merely a departure from the newel form of mediæval times. The charming plaster-work panels of its ceiling will belong to the time of its erection. They are continued along the bedroom corridor, which has a great oak beam, with early moulding, as its cornice, while, on the other hand, the doorways to the bed-chambers have the large roll moulding of William III.'s time. Inside more than one of the bed-chambers the Jacobean character is fully preserved. Sir John's room, no doubt, was originally an upstairs parlour, and has oak wainscoting, with long, hollow, fluted panels as a cornice. The mantel-piece is a modest but well-designed example of early seventeenth century character. The upper panels are of low relief, geometrical carving. Of those below, the narrow one in the middle has a bit of split balustrade work as its chief ornamentation; but the larger ones on each side have carved arcades, framing panels of simple floral inlay, which, though not part of the original design, consort most happily with the general composition. The same plasterer who wrought on the stairs may have been answerable for the dragon frieze in this room, and also for the singularly rich and well-designed scrollwork that occupies the soffit of the great moulded beam that bisects the ceiling. It is a pity that the delightful effect of this original ornamentation should not have a right background of plain plaster-work, but that the ceiling should be papered with some sort of a modern composition of raised patterning. The old character of Kildwick is so charmingly maintained, and its merits so fully felt and appreciated, that anything not fully in character with it jars at once. It is, therefore, very much to be hoped that the reglazing of the windows may some day be taken in hand. Some last century "improver" filled most of them with plate-glass, and an attempt has been made to modify the deplorable effect by painting black lines on the glass to imitate the leading that is gone. What that was like we find in the picturesque garden-house that occupies the western end of the wall that borders the road. It has somewhat a motley appearance; the main outlines, the gable coping and finials and the



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IN AN UPSTAIRS ROOM.

"C.L."

three-light windows, with their original glazing, being exactly similar to the south front of the house. But at the back is a little cusped window, while a finial, with a semblance of Gothic crocketing, rises up in the centre of the roof. Inside there is a coved plaster ceiling arranged in panels, of which the frames are enriched with delicate but somewhat late plaster ornament. The whole thing is very typical of what we find at Kildwick. Several generations of men of taste have wrought here in a quite small and modest but thoughtful and finished manner. It is a little place by the roadside, yet is clearly the home of a succession of well-to-do and cultured men. When Henry Currer, smitten with the ampler gardening views of his age, felt that he must lay out formal grounds on a considerable scale, he had to stretch his design across the road. His ambitious heraldic gate-piers are, therefore, faced by another pair somewhat simpler, but yet of strongly marked architectural character, and topped by well-carved stone vases. Through them we reach a lower garden, arranged on several levels, with flights of steps descending from terrace walk to garden plat. A circular fountain basin is a central object, and the flower effect is continued round it, but most of the space is dedicated to vegetables.

As seen from the south porch, the grouping of the two sections of the garden, rich in architectural objects and floral display, is very delightful. It forms, moreover, a delightful foreground to the wide sweep of the distant moorland, and blots out the valley, of which the beauty has certainly been much marred by recent industrial progress.

The male line of Currer did not continue very long after the death of Henry, the lawyer, in 1722. His grandson, another Henry, married and died in the same year 1756, and the estates passed to his sister, Sarah Currer, a spinster, who made Bath her residence, and did not long survive him. John Richardson, a cousin, was the first inheritor appointed by her will. He took the name of Currer and lived at Kildwick, a rain-water-head marking by its date his care of his inheritance. When he died childless in June, 1784, a parson nephew, Henry Richardson, had just time to enter into possession and assume the name of Currer before he, too, was laid in his grave. Some months later a daughter was born to his widow, and was the Miss Currer that owned Kildwick when Whitaker wrote his history, and was still alive when the Brontës appeared as authoresses. She, however, followed the example of the relative through whose will the place had come to her, and died a spinster in 1856. Her mother had taken Mr. Mathew Wilson as her second husband, and it is their descendant, Colonel Wharton Wilson, D.S.O., who is the present lord of the manor. This devolution of the estate is very charmingly suggested on the modern plaster frieze running round the hall, where the Currer lions and the Wilson wolves hold up cartouches, which bear alternately the initials C. & W. The house, however, has long been let to Sir John Brigg, whose family is so well known in the industrial history of this part of Yorkshire. Among the many old-time objects which he has brought together in the hall is a little early hand comb, eight inches by fifteen inches, made of oak and stamped "J. B. & Co." It is a sort of link between the old days of cottage spinning and weaving, such as this district knew in the days when Currers lived at Kildwick, and of the age of mechanical invention that has multiplied and cheapened production, but has introduced an organisation of labour and an alteration in the general appearance of the country by no means in harmony with the principles of ethics and aesthetics that ruled when the Currers built their

Hall. It is fortunate indeed that that typical old home remains to remind us convincingly and vividly of old days and old ways. The sympathetic treatment it has received from both owner and tenant deserves all praise. T.

WILD COUNTRY LIFE.

THE NEW COALTIT.

THE discovery of a new coaltit (illustrated in COUNTRY LIFE last week) in the pine woods of County Sligo is quite an interesting event in the history of British birds. So much, indeed, have these islands been ransacked during the last three hundred years, and especially in the last fifty, that it speaks much for the energy and research of Mr. Ingram to have thus brought to light a new species. We have now two British coaltits, *Parus ater*, the common species, and *Parus hibernicus*, the Irish tit, or, more properly, titmouse, the name bestowed on this fresh discovery by the authorities at the British Museum. The chief distinction between the new Irish tit and the coaltit lies in the fact that in those portions of the head and neck plumage of the latter species which are pure white, in the Irish tit they are clear sulphur yellow. These portions are the cheeks and a spot on the hinder part of the neck. This clear distinction is, I understand, not confined to one or two specimens; all the supposed coaltits found by Mr. Ingram

in the woods of Sligo, where he made his discovery, bear the same characteristics. It now remains to be seen whether these Sligo tits are the sole representatives in the British islands of the new species, or whether more specimens may not be discovered in other parts of the sister island. Coaltits are abundant in the pine forests of Scotland. It is possible that the Irish tit may be found in some of these regions also. It may be hoped that the smart and lively coaltit, always a handsome and most cheerful ornament of the woods which he inhabits, may not suffer unduly in this process of discovery.

DIFFERENCES IN THE COALTITS.

Observers such as Messrs. Bowdler Sharpe and Dresser have already separated our British form of coaltit from

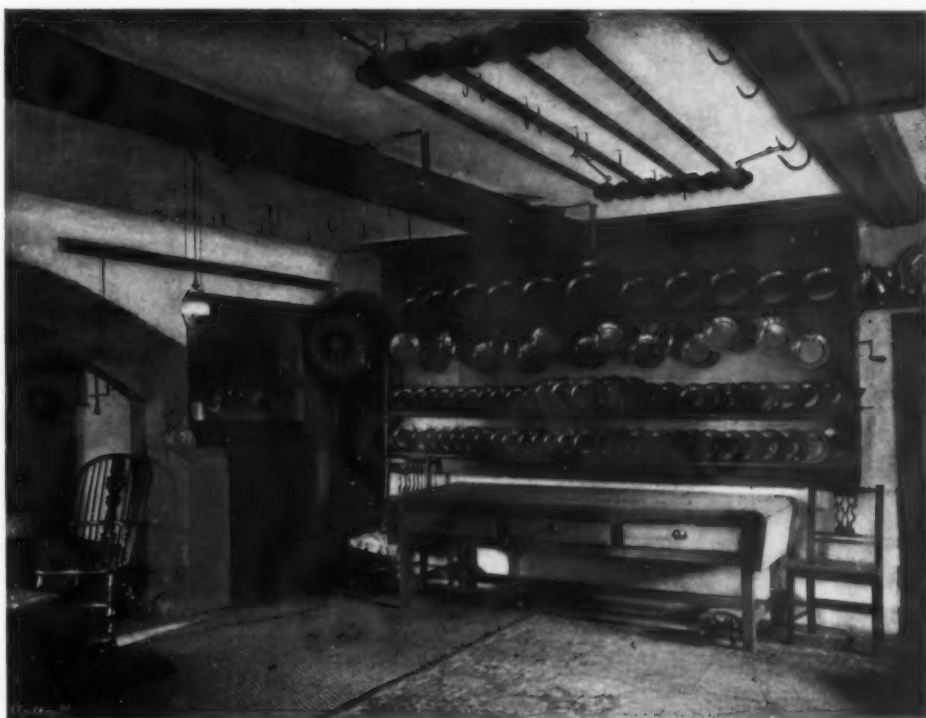
the Continental race, chiefly for the reason that in our representative the back is olive brown, while in the Continental race it is slate grey. But, as the late Mr. Howard Saunders has pointed out, although the differences in tint are often recognisable, there are intergradations, which are noticeable even in specimens from Scottish forests. These and examples from other localities may be foreign immigrants, but coaltits are not familiar as migratory birds to the keepers of lightships and lighthouses. Even at the famous Heligoland Lighthouse they have been seldom noticed. The coaltit, although well known in England, Wales and Ireland, is most plentiful in Scotland, where the extensive pine woods favour its habits. It is a lively and amusing bird, and its perky and even impudent ways remind one much of its cousin the blue tit, the familiar "tomtit" of schoolboys and country-folk. The coaltit, by the way, never seems to have acquired the nicknames bestowed upon the blue tit, which is or has been known in various parts of the country as tomtit, blue cap, blue bonnet, blue whaup, nun, nickwall and Billy-biter.

FOREIGN COALTITS.

On the Continent the grey-backed race of coaltit is well known as a resident species in the central and southern parts of Europe. It is found as far North as the 65th parallel, but a partial Southern migration takes place in winter. In Algeria a form known to naturalists as *Parus ledouxi* is found; this race is distinguished by yellow cheeks, neck spot and under parts. No doubt our British Museum authorities have clearly established the differences between this race and our new Irish tit. Dr. F. H. Guillemard discovered in the mountains of Cyprus some twenty-three years back a form of coaltit which has been named *P. cypriotes*, in which the hue of the back is browner than in our species, the white neck patch is very faint and the black colouring on the throat is somewhat more noticeable. In the Caucasus yet another form has been established, intermediate between the Continental and our own race. Coaltits are found varying in colour, crests and other details eastward through Asia as far as Japan.

THE MARSHITIT.

Casual observers occasionally mistake the marshitit for the coaltit, but so long ago as 1676 the naturalist Willoughby pointed out the distinctions between these species. In the adult marshitit the upper part of the head and the nape are glossy black, the cheeks dull white—buff on the sides of the neck—the back olive brown, rump brownish olive, showing more of the former colour, quills and tail ash brown, with paler outer margins. The chin and throat are



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THE KITCHEN.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

black, breast and under parts dull white, changing to buff on the flanks. Male and female are alike in plumage. The absence of white on the nape and wing coverts are especially to be remarked in contrasting this tit with the coaltit. The marsh-tit, sometimes locally known as the little black-headed tomtit, is much less plentiful than the coaltit, blue tit or even the long-tailed tit. It is not so purely a marsh species as its name might seem to imply, but is found about farmhouses, especially where there are oatricks, and in gardens, orchards and pine woods. It is, however, undoubtedly fond of rivers and streams, especially in those situations where willows and alders flourish. It nests preferably in old willow stumps and alders, excavating the decayed wood and carrying the chips to some distance. It has been occasionally known to make its nest in holes in banks wrought by mice or rats. The nest is made of moss, wool and even rabbits' fur and hair, lined with the down of thistle or willow. The eggs, from five to eight in number, are characteristically tit-like—white, spotted with rusty red. During the breeding season, April and May, the marsh-tit is more than usually shy and retiring in its habits. All the titmouse family are delightful in their various ways, the marsh-tit not yielding to any of them in this respect; and the sight of this charming little bird holding a piece of beech-mast in its claws, somewhat after the fashion of a parrot, and extracting the nutty part with the keenest zest, is a charming one. Like the blue tit, marsh-tits, whose ordinary dietary consists of caterpillars, insects, nuts and seeds, will devour meat and fat eagerly; to the coaltit, so far as my own observation goes, these last dainties do not seem to appeal.

BLACK DUCK.

Black duck, as the common scoter (*Edemia nigra*) is called by most longshoremen upon our coast-line, are in winter almost always to be seen in the Channel and upon our South-Eastern littoral. A few days since, on the

coast of East Sussex, I saw some hundreds of them resting on the tide no great way from the shore. Their numbers and the fact that upon the same day I saw a flight of wild geese passing over the adjacent marsh, almost deluded me into the belief that we might, after all, be in for a spell of hard weather—a thing which seldom happens to us in these degenerate days. Probably by the time these notes appear in print the portent of wintry weather may have been completely discounted. Black duck, although they are occasionally shot by fishermen and fowlers, are almost worthless, and their numbers, which are at times immense, are therefore never much reduced. Even in summer in crossing the Channel you may see a few of these inevitable birds between Kent and Sussex and the French Coast. As the winter deepens and they come South their legions are innumerable, especially between the East Coast and Holland, and the salt water is black with them over large expanses. The velvet scoter, a far less numerous species, is easily to be distinguished from its innumerable cousins by the white wing bar, especially conspicuous in the drakes, a white patch behind the eye, its larger size and the rich, glossy sheen of the male bird's velvety black plumage. Although far less numerous than the common scoter, a few pairs of velvet scoters are very frequently to be found associating with the various flocks of the former species. Our common scoter is a great winter traveller, descending in vast numbers down the Western European seaboard to the Mediterranean, into which it penetrates as far as the Tunisian Coast. It has even been found among the Azores. In a more eastern direction it is met with on the coast of Palestine and the Caspian Sea. The pity of it is that so enormously plentiful a duck is of so little use to anybody! The flesh is extraordinarily fishy and unpleasant, so much so that in Catholic countries it is permitted as food during Lent. One is sorry for the unfortunates who are so pushed by hunger as to eat such food!

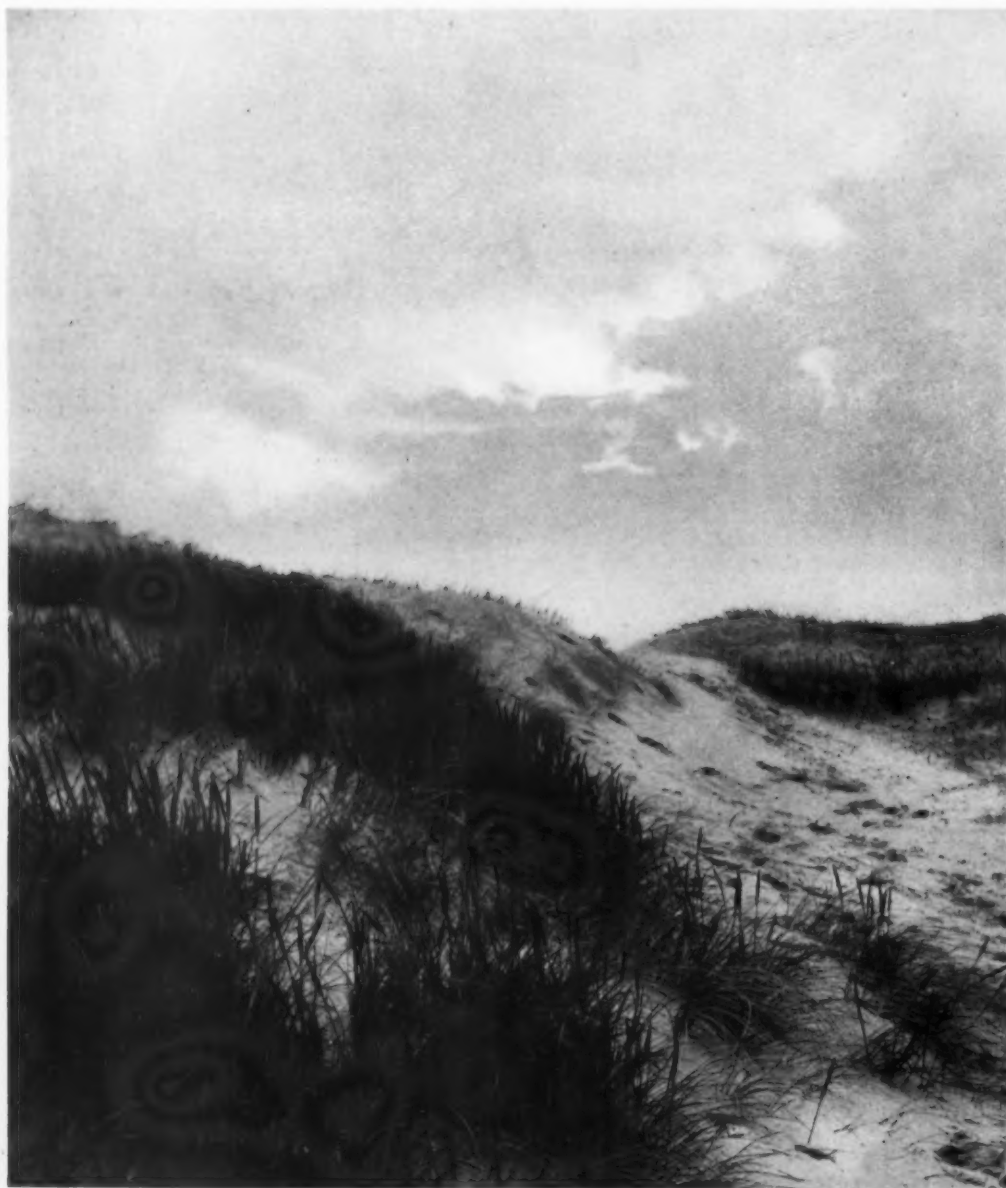
H. A. BRYDEN.

THE WILD LIFE OF THE DUNES.

THE supposed monotony and dreariness of seashore sandhills, together with the weariness that soon attends a sustained effort to explore them, is probably responsible for naturalists having somewhat neglected the

fauna of the dunes. If it were worth while to argue the point, it might be urged that a succession of wind-heaped marram-banks, reproducing in miniature the bold outlines of Skiddaw, Blencathra and the Langdale Pikes, is not without picturesqueness, and that one only need imagine one's self a very small pygmy to realise that a sandhill is actually as impressive as Helvellyn. This, however, is a matter of little moment to anyone who wishes to become acquainted with the inhabitants of the dunes rather than with the nature of their surroundings, and who, in consequence, is not inclined to complain if he finds one sandhill very much like another.

Judging by analogy, a tract of undulating dunes sparsely overgrown with two species of grass and one species of sedge should be incapable of supporting a greater variety of animal-life than a similar expanse of sandy desert. Actually, it may be that such is the case; but there are circumstances that make the seashore sandhills a convenient home for several creatures that could not possibly exist there if they had to rely on the natural products of the dunes for food for themselves and their young. To understand this we need go no further than the North Norfolk Coast. There we find marram-banks extending for miles between the low-lying meal marshes and the sea. If we visit them about the end of May or early in June we see thousands upon thousands of common terns circling overhead or skimming over the surface of the sea. There, as elsewhere, many of these birds make their nests in the shingle-strewn sand of the beach, but far more nests are to be found on the sandhills. On some of



M. C. Cottam

THE WIND'S SLOW HUSBANDRY.

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M. C. Eames.

SCANT COVER.

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GRAINS OF SAND AND BLADES OF GRASS.

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the hillocks it is difficult to walk without treading on eggs. Years ago it was a rare event on that part of the coast for a tern to nest on the sandhills; but two or three unusually high tides occurred in the height of the nesting season, and seem to have taught the birds that there are safer places than the beach, and they have since shown a marked preference for the higher dunes. In doing this their example has been followed by many of the ringed plovers. What is more surprising, however, is to discover a marsh-loving bird like the redshank making its home in a bower of drooping blades of lyme-grass on the dunes instead of in some tuft of rushes or bent grass in a swampy marsh; yet where there are marshes bordered by sandhills it is by no means unusual to find this red-legged wader nesting high and dry on a hillock of sand. In the case of these three very different birds—and others, among them being the oyster-catcher, might be mentioned—the security afforded by the sandhills against high tides and

tracts of dunes where one or more of its nesting holes cannot be found, and a bird-watcher provided with field-glasses usually has little difficulty in locating them. On the Suffolk Coast I have often seen stock-doves sunning themselves in the crater-like hollows between the little hills of sand, and I have known both eggs and squabs to be taken out of a burrow as late as the middle of October. Both shelducks and stock-doves sometimes lay their eggs in burrows still occupied by rabbits, and an old warrener once assured me that on more than one occasion, while using his ferrets in the dunes, he had captured stock-doves in his nets. I have heard, too, of a ferret being hauled out of a sandhill burrow with a woodcock held fast in its jaws. That wheatears, when they nest near the sea, often make use of a rabbit's burrow is a fact recorded in almost every handbook of British birds.

Where rabbits abound in the sandhills, young ones that have fallen victims to stoats may generally be seen lying about.



A. H. Blake.

WIND HEAPED MARRAM BANKS.

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marsh floods is a sufficient reason for their preferring them to the marshes or the open beach.

That rabbits, if permitted to do so, should always be ready to convert dunes into warrens is natural enough, seeing that sandhills are easily burrowed into, and although lyme-grass and sand-sedge may provide a rabbit with only scanty sustenance, furze is seldom far to seek. A more important fact is that the rabbits are directly responsible for two, if not three, interesting additions to the sandhill fauna. Nothing can be much more startling than to be walking over a rabbit-tunnelled tract of dunes and have a shelduck or a stock-dove dash out of the ground almost beneath one's feet; yet this may easily happen on some parts of the coast. The shelduck or "burrow-duck," although quite capable of making a nesting burrow for itself, rarely does so in a neighbourhood where rabbits abound, and as it feeds chiefly on small shellfish and water insects, which it generally finds in salt creeks, its liking for a sandhill burrow is easily understood. As for the stock-dove, there can be few

On warm summer nights, when the inhabitants of a colony of conies are gambolling on the sun-warmed sand, the arrival of a stoat on the scene causes a great commotion. As a rule the enemy approaches silently; but when it has marked out a young rabbit for its prey it makes no attempt at concealment. If hungry, it goes straight for its victim and soon inflicts upon it the fatal bite; but sometimes it will play with it in much the same way as a cat plays with a mouse. Never shall I forget a scene I witnessed, about five o'clock one summer's morning, when I was watching some ringed plovers from a sheltered hollow in the Benacre dunes. I was lying quite still, so as not to alarm the birds that were tripping about on the pebble-strewn beach, when I heard a rabbit screaming somewhere behind me. Creeping cautiously up the sandy side of the hollow, I looked over its edge upon a level patch of smooth turf, dotted with dwarf furze bushes which the rabbits had nibbled into curious shapes, suggestive of the clipped shrubs in a Dutch garden. At first I could see no sign of a rabbit; but presently a young one, apparently

half-paralysed with fear, hopped feebly into sight from behind a furze bush. For a moment I thought it had been frightened by some animal that had suddenly disappeared; but the thought had hardly entered my mind when I noticed that the rabbit kept turning slowly round in order to face a stoat that was running round it, arching its back like an angry cat, and shrieking in answer to poor bunny's screams. Three, if not four, times it circled with a series of leaps and bounds round the shrinking creature, and twice it made feinting dashes towards it, like a boxer before striking a decisive blow, the rabbit each time screaming loudly, as if it already felt its tormentor's fangs. Never before had I seen a stoat behave in such a way. How long it would have continued its cruel pranks it is impossible to say, for the sorry plight of its victim moved me to hurl a big pebble at its torturer, and, by suddenly showing myself, to drive it away. Since that day I have seen stoats on the sandhills on several occasions, and I have heard of a pack of them being encountered at Horsey, where they were hunting together like hounds. In the winter, however, they are rarely seen so near the sea. The same may be said of the weasel; but this representative of the Mustelidæ seems to be of much rarer occurrence in the dunes than the stoat.

In some localities rats are exceedingly numerous in the sandhills, from which they venture out at night to share in the scavenger-work so well attended to during the winter by that vulturine bird, the hooded crow. In the neighbourhood of protected colonies of nesting terns, rats are a great nuisance to the bird-watchers, who often find it impossible to safeguard the birds' eggs and nestlings. Even those persistent nest-raiders, the stoat and weasel, are less troublesome in this respect than the common

rat—a creature, it is safe to say, without a single human admirer.

When we come to consider the smaller British fur-bearers, the mice and voles, it is not easy to decide whether two or three of them are entitled to be included in the fauna of the dunes; but so far as the long-tailed field-mouse is concerned, its claims are undeniable. It makes little holes or burrows in the firmer parts of the sandhills, and has been known to become a nuisance by tunnelling beneath the level turf of seaside golf greens. At Eccles, the field-vole, commonly called the "short-tailed field-mouse," has been found in the marram-banks; but the sea has encroached considerably on that part of the coast, and the sandhills now cover what was cultivated land not very long ago. In one or two places where coniferous trees have been planted on the dunes to shelter houses or landward pastures, bank-voles have been responsible for some damage to bark and buds, but I have never met with the bank-vole in sandhills elsewhere.

Of the three British snakes, only the viper is common on the dunes. On hot summer days it is always as well to keep a look-out for it, owing to its habit of lying motionless on the sandy footpaths trodden by the longshore fisherman and the shore-gunner. Occasionally it causes a diversion by emerging suddenly from a rabbit's burrow. No doubt its occurrence so near the sea generally depends upon the presence of field-mice; but I have noticed that it is almost bound to be much in evidence where the sandhills are frequented by a large number of natterjack toads. The common lizard finds plenty of insects on the sunny side of a sandhill, but is seldom at home there unless it can easily seek shelter beneath heather or furze.

W. A. DUTT.

LITERATURE.

A BOOK OF THE WEEK.

THOSE who appreciate style, a suave wit, touched here and there with the salt of *malice* that occasionally might be mistaken for malignity, will be able to extract a great deal of pleasure from *Reminiscences*, by Professor Goldwin Smith, edited by Arnold Haultain, M.A. (Macmillan). It should be remembered in reading them that the author had passed his seventy-fifth year, and, even in his case, age is not undistinguished by diffuseness that is now and then garrulous. On the other hand, the advantage we derive from the age of the writer is that his vivid memory of early times is able to supply us with many curious pictures of an England that has passed away. That of the old town of Reading, with which the book opens, is a capital example. He says, in his imaginative way, that it "sleeps, as my memory paints it, in the summer sun." And in that brilliant light he shows us the mail-coaches travelling on the Bath Road at the rate of twelve miles an hour and changing horses at the Crown and Bear. He makes us hear the watchman calling the hour of the night and the curfew tolling from old St. Lawrence's Church. In those days the fire was still lit with a tinder-box, and at Caversham were the stocks where the prisoners could be seen sitting. It reminds the present reviewer of the story told by an old man, now living in an English village, who remembers very well throwing stones at the prisoners confined in the same way during his youth. Professor Goldwin Smith tells us of the great ladies driving into Reading with their carriage-and-four, postillions in gorgeous liveries and an outrider. He gives us a thumb-nail sketch of Mr. Fyshe Palmer, the Radical Member for the borough, in "a blue coat and buff waistcoat, with a curious little hat stuck on his powdered head." In his childhood, Huntley and Palmer had a little biscuit shop in London Street, where they sold cakes to little boys; from this eventually sprang the great biscuit factory. The founders of the business were Quakers, and wore the dress in their day. And so he goes on in his reminiscent way to tell of the Christmas feast with its turkey, plum-pudding and mince-pie, the music of the waits in the streets on Christmas Eve, the mummers in their fantastic disguises and other Christmas observances. On Twelfth Night the merriment was resumed with parties for the children, "feasting on iced cakes decked with little sugar figures, and playing at snap-dragon, that is, plucking raisins out of a dish of blazing brandy." Good Friday brought the street cry, "One a penny, two a penny, hot cross buns!" May Day was the holiday of the poor chimney-sweepers:

They came fantastically arrayed in rags of many colours and danced round a portable bower with a boy in it, clattering their shovels and brooms. They were repaid by a good dinner, the only one probably that they tasted in the year.

Guy Fawkes was in his glory. Local celebrations were that of the cheese fair, "when the Forbury is paved with cheese and filled

with enchanting booths and shows." He remembers the celebrations connected with the passing of the Reform Bill, in honour of which were held

races, games, running in sacks, climbing greasy poles, chasing pigs with greased tails, and bobbing for cherries, winding up with fireworks in the evening. As Carlyle says, this is all "bathed in the moonlight of memory." As we proceed the trenchant wit of the author becomes more noticeable. Thus, after telling us about the Provost of Eton, Dr. Goodall, wearing "knee-breeches, a cassock, shoes with buckles, and a wig," he goes on:

By his command of the Eton vote in Parliament, he forced the Great Western Railway out of its course, and its eccentricities between Slough and Windsor are a monument of his love of the ancient ways. It was said, and was hardly incredible, that when his letters were brought by rail he would not open them, till they ought to have come by stage.

It is in the remarks on Professor Goldwin Smith's contemporaries that we find the salt of this volume. He quotes the fine description of Dean Stanley:

A quaint pathetic helplessness in practical matters that proved at once attractive and endearing,

but it does not hinder him from adding:

He had administered the sacrament to such an arch-heretic as Mrs. Annie Besant and witnessed a Spanish bull-fight on a Sunday!

Of Benjamin Jowett, Master of Balliol College, Oxford, he says:

He would have doubted and kept other people doubting forever.

Of Mark Pattison he says:

He had once been an ardent follower of Newman. It was said that he had escaped secession only by missing a train.

He met Macaulay, and found out that he

did talk essays and engross the talking—conversation it could not be called. One could understand how he was a bore to other talkers. He evidently was to a great talker who sat next to me.

Of Samuel Rogers, the poet, he says:

I wish I had been present when the attention of the party was suddenly drawn to a caricature bust of him which the host had inadvertently left upon the mantel-piece. The struggles of the party to cope with the horror, some taking the line that it was a likeness, others that it was not, were described to me as very amusing.

He gives the following version of a well-known story about Carlyle:

One summer evening we came out after dinner on the terrace. There was a bright moon, and for a few minutes we all looked at it in silence, each probably having his own thoughts. At last a voice was heard. "Puir auld creature." Whether the moon was an object of pity in itself, or because she was doomed to look down on human affairs, I failed to divine.

Sir Leslie Stephen gives the story in a different form. We once heard him say that Carlyle's words were "a meeserable sicht." Bishop Wilberforce is described in the following terms:

It was said that he would have liked to be on the committee of every club in London. He had the general reputation of not being strictly veracious;

nor, as I had once occasion to see, was he, when Church party was in question, inflexibly just.

From 1855 to 1858 Goldwin Smith was engaged in journalism. He was one of the first writers on the regular staff of the *Saturday Review*, when John Douglas Cook edited it. He gives the following account of Cook and Beresford-Hope. The former

was a rough, strong man, without literary culture or faculty. But he had great newspaper tact. Though he could not write himself, he instinctively knew good writing. His courage and self-possession were imperturbable. Unrefined though he was, I became attached to him, and I cherish his memory. Our other proprietor was Alexander Beresford-Hope, a very wealthy man, highly cultivated, to whom I fancy the "Review" was a sort of literary yacht, though he was a High Churchman and inspired the religious department of the paper in that sense.

He bears testimony to the very great ability of one of his colleagues on the *Saturday Review*, George Venables. He says:

His articles were full of weighty good sense. Nor was he without sardonic wit. When Thesiger, a popular man, but a bad lawyer, was made Chancellor, Venables said, "Sir Frederick Thesiger is raised to the Chancellorship amidst universal sympathy, which we cannot help extending to the suitors." When Palmerston, a Tory at heart, made a clap-trap speech, in favour I think of an extension of the franchise, and Pakington, a professed Conservative, imitated and tried to cap him, Venables said that if Pakington's speech was insincere that only increased the servility of the imitation.

His judgment of political men is deeply coloured with his own prejudices. Of theologians he speaks with something of the same prejudice, but his thrusts are always lightened up with a certain amount of humour. Thus he says of John Henry Newman that

The "Grammar of Assent" is an apparatus for making yourself believe or fancy that you believe things which are good for you but of which there is no proof.

Keble

was the embodiment of the sweet, gentle, somewhat mystical and not very masculine poetry of the "Christian Year." Why he had not joined the secession was evident enough. Besides his wife, he had a conjugal attachment, like that of George Herbert, to his Parish Church. I was told that he loved to perform service in it, even with a nominal congregation. Nor was he likely to be drawn into anything from which his heart recoiled by the pressure of strict logic.

What struck him most about Matthew Arnold was the levity which he thought in some measure a recoil from his father's sternness. He tells the following story of him:

As we were travelling together in a railway carriage, I observed a pile of books at his side. "These," said he, with a gay air, "are Celtic Literature, they fancy I must know something of the language." His ideas had been formed by a few weeks at a Welsh watering-place.

But undoubtedly the chief pleasure to be derived from reading this racy autobiography lies in the clever and keen judgments passed upon those who, like Lord Beaconsfield in the days when he was Benjamin Disraeli, happened to differ from the author. They are not to be taken too seriously, because obviously a great many were let off chiefly for the sake of their cleverness.

A SAGA-MAN.

Letters of Edward John Trelawny, edited, with a brief introduction and notes, by H. Buxton Forman, C.B. (Henry Frowde, Oxford University Press.)

"I FOR one have always believed in Trelawny as somewhat of the saga-man type," writes Mr. Buxton Forman in his rather flippant introduction to the collection of Trelawny's letters, of which, for many years, he has been the fortunate possessor. The book is fittingly dedicated to Mr. William Rossetti, who is one of the few living persons who both knew and helped Trelawny. The letters are extremely interesting. Trelawny's personality is a vivid one, and he formed part of one of the most enduringly interesting coterie of literary people which the world has perhaps ever known—that little group of exiled poets who, in the first quarter of the nineteenth century, made Italy their home. It is true that the "Pisa gang," as Trelawny affectionately calls them, has not always been appreciated. Matthew Arnold, with a Philistinism he would have been the first to condemn in others, exclaimed, "What a set!" when referring to them. Trelawny's life was in those years closely bound up with those of Shelley and Byron. Born the same year as Shelley, he survived him for more than half a century, keeping to the last his passionate and enthusiastic admiration for the man and the poet. A saga-man, he was also a wanderer and something of a gipsy; he was wild, tameless, unconventional. These letters, which formed part of the Clairmont collection of Shelley documents, are addressed principally to Mary Shelley and her beautiful half-sister, Clare Clairmont, with whom Trelawny was deeply in love at the time of Shelley's death, and to whom he remained devoted for many years. To his grief she left Italy and accepted a dependent position in a family first in Vienna and then in Russia. She was apparently not at all happy, and Trelawny wrote thus to her: "Thinking of your wretched lot fills me with grief and bitterness of heart. . . . I would give up every other hope in life to have you near me. You say it would not ultimately tend to our happiness—I know not that—nothing can be more outcast and wretched than we are now." But he had at that time a wife still living; marriage was out of the question, and Clare continued to avoid him, although with his customary generosity he seems constantly to have sent her substantial assistance of a pecuniary nature. At the age of eighteen she had given birth to Allegra, the daughter of Lord Byron, and readers of Shelley's letters will remember how Byron's action in removing the child to a convent, where her mother had no access to her, and where she died at an early age, nearly broke Miss Clairmont's heart. Indeed, more than

half a century later, Trelawny finds occasion in one of his letters to rebuke her for her "relentless vindictiveness against Byron." His own conduct in journeying, apparently upon terms of intimate friendship, with Lord Byron to Greece on the last ill-fated expedition is, perhaps, rather inexplicable considering that he was at the time passionately in love with Miss Clairmont. To her, however, he endeavoured to justify the action in a letter written on his way to Leghorn: "How shall I tell you dearest—or do you know it—that—that I am actually now on my road—to embark for Greece?—and that I am to accompany a man you disesteem?—forgive me—extend to me your toleration—and remember that you have in some degree driven me to this course—forced me into an active and perilous life—to get rid of the pain and weariness of my lonely existence;—had you been with me—or here—but how can I live or rather exist as I have been for some time? My ardent love of freedom spurs me on to assist in the struggle for freedom. When was there so glorious a banner flying as that unfurled in Greece? Who would not fight under it?" His eager love of adventure had obviously prevailed over all other considerations. This book should be read side by side with Mr. Ingpen's admirable edition of Shelley's letters, on account of the invaluable biographies included therein of all the chief persons whose destinies were linked with those of Shelley and Byron. "He is dead," Trelawny wrote to Mary Shelley after Byron's death at Missolonghi, "and I now feel my face burn with shame that so weak and ignoble a soul could so long have influenced me." And to Miss Clairmont he wrote, a little later, "Byron, who was mine as well as your evil genius has ceased to be so." Remaining for some years in Greece and the Ionian Islands, he returned to England in 1828, his devotion apparently unchanged. But there is a long gap in their correspondence between 1837 and 1857. In 1858 he published his "Recollections of the Last Days of Shelley and Byron," a volume which, from its abundant and intimate detail, must ever be invaluable to students of the two poets. In 1869 he writes to Miss Clairmont, "We are almost the last of the band that clustered round and worshipped the torn and outraged poet—his slanderers are forgotten and his genius and excellence acknowledged." And again, "Clare—you have a ready pen—satisfy me by writing about Percy—any of his sayings and doings, you and I and Jane are the last links, and we three must soon glide under our graves." In 1873 he repeats the same thing, "Jane and you and I are the last of the Pisa gang." Two years before he had written to Mr. William Rossetti, "I am the last man that knew the poet and you are the first critic that has estimated him at his true value." Often as he had described the scene of the burning of Shelley's body on the Tuscan sands near Viareggio, he again gives a detailed description of the surrounding scenery to Mr. Rossetti in 1875 for the guidance of the French artist Gérôme, who desired to paint a picture of it. "The scenery is correct," he writes, "sand, sea, and tall branchless pines, their dark-blue tops packed so close together that no ray of sun could penetrate. The white sandy beach, the air tremulous with the intense noon-day heat—not a weed or green tuft—everything brown and scorched. . . . It was a tropical day: the broken line of the Apennines, with here and there a patch of white marble from a quarry." The spot has changed but little; from the Pineta of Viareggio an eternal requiem sounds in answer to the low sobbing of the waves; one may still see the stretch of sand where the poet's body was burned, and where Trelawny injured his hand by rescuing from the flames the unconsumed heart, a place from which the remembrance of that poignant tragedy can never fade. The book is fittingly concluded by Swinburne's fine poem written on the death of Trelawny, which took place in 1881 at the advanced age of eighty-eight:

Last high star of the years whose thunder
Still men's listening remembrance hears,
Last light left of our father's years,
Watched with honour and hailed with wonder,
Thou too then have the years borne under,
Thou too then hast regained thy peers.

Heart of hearts, art thou moved not, hearing
Surely, if hearts of the dead may hear,
Whose true heart it is now draws near?
Surely the sense of it thrills thee, cheering
Darkness and death with the news now nearing—
Shelley, Trelawny rejoins thee here.

I. C.

THREE CHILDREN'S STORIES.

The Little King, by Charles Major. (Macmillan and Co.)

The Magic City, by E. Nesbit. (Macmillan and Co.)

The Glass Mender, by Maurice Baring. (James Nisbet and Co.)

TO that irritating kind of children's story which is written with one eye on the child and the other on its elders, none of these three tales belongs; but only the first of them is really of that rare type which, without effort or consciousness on the author's part, is as attractive and delightful to grown-ups as to children. It is a story of the childhood of Louis the Grand of France, and it is written with a compassionate humour and with a sense of history, and of the paths of the human things that lie behind history, which give it an unusual charm. The figure of the lonely and childish little King, struggling to shape himself into the mould his elders require of him, is as touching as it is quaint; and the foreshadowing in him of tendencies fostered by his upbringing which, once they made headway, brought him all too swiftly to the beginnings of that man who was one day to say "L'Etat, c'est moi," is worked out with skill and restraint. The whole historical setting and its characters are made real in this slight story. "Sweet Mam'zelle," the little King's nurse, who was the only good influence of his childhood, and left it all too soon; the Flemish household and its tragic figures; little Louise, the street-child; the devilish Cardinal and his policy—they pass across this stage, daringly modernised, but big with the fate of the days that were to come. And the grown-up reader is not allowed to lose the haunting sense of those days as he watches the sowing of the harvest that was to be reaped. But the interested child-reader will see only another child, set in a high place "on the terrible throne of terrible France," and escaping from it with his nurse in pursuit of adventures "in the streets where the poor people live" as often as he and she can manage it. This story is as unusual as it is charming.

The second story of the trio is "for children only." Mrs. Nesbit's odd and pleasant mixture of magic and fact and her faculty of carrying her gift of characterisation into the realms of sheer fancy—for when was anyone "realler" than the Psammead, for instance, who never was real at all—are evidenced again in *The Magic City*. The city is the city Philip builds to cheer his

loneliness, and it turns into a dream city, where all the real people of Philip's life are changed, not into anything different, but into something even nearer their real selves than they are in real life. Thus the cross grey nurse becomes the still crosser Pretenderette, and runs all through Philip's strange dream adventures, destroying things in just the same way she destroys things in life. Philip has built his city of books and dominoes and china and many things besides bricks, and they all play their parts in the city of his dream, and the people in the books he used come alive and act bits of their own stories, which fit oddly into his adventures and Lucy's. The skill of the story consists in the combination of the real atmosphere of a dream, and its queer muddle in which the things of the waking life persist and worry all through, with a meaning and idea that can be of real use in that waking life when the dreamer returns to it. Philip comes back from the magic city quite ready to forgive his beloved sister for marrying, and to like his sister's step-daughter Lucy instead of hating her, and generally to behave as a "Deliverer" instead of a "Destroyer."

The third book of these three is perhaps less for children than either of the others, and we confess that it almost seems to us to fall between the two stools. Neither the language nor the notions will hold the modern child, for the present reviewer is one who industriously reads and tells stories to children, and their preference nowadays for something unaffectedly told, with an idea behind it, or a meaning running through it—for something over which they can ponder, in short—is very marked. These stories have that sort of loose construction prevalent in the primitive folk-lore tale, whereby every emergency is immediately provided for by some suddenly invented, and up to then unmentioned, enchantment, and the comment of a nine year old is perhaps natural, "It's easy to make up that sort, isn't it?" Still, these tales are well told, and may interest "grown-ups." They are of the folk-lore atmosphere, and the Russian story of "The Wise Princess" is perhaps the best. Most of them are written as if they were allegorical, but the allegory is not always easy to find; nor is it always very child-like when it is found. There is no sphere of grown-up activity so utterly beyond even the glittering perception of a real child as the kind of love these stories turn on. The tale of the organ stops, for instance, will have no meaning at all for the ordinary child, and must depend for its readers entirely on "grown-ups," as perhaps it is meant to do.

MINIATURE GOLF.

Deck and Home Golf, by John S. Macdonald.

GOLFERS that go down to the sea in ships have hitherto been under the impression that a practice swing was the nearest they could get to playing their game on

board. Now, however, Mr. Macdonald, who is clearly a gentleman of an ingenious turn of mind, has invented "Deck and Home Golf" and has written a little book to explain how it is done. Properly speaking, the game can be hardly called golf at all, but it makes, no doubt, an amusing substitute, and when we reflect how much amusement can be extracted from playing mashie shots with an armchair on a wet day we can quite believe that this game makes the monotony of a long voyage infinitely less unbearable. The ball, of course, is not an ordinary ball, which would soon go flying out to sea. These balls are described as "round and flat, disc-shaped and made of gutty with wood or solid cores." There are a variety of clubs, all of which are made quite straight in the face, and some of them aspire even to the dignity of being called "Dreadnoughts." The holes are metal circles from five to eight inches in diameter, with openings at the side, varying from three to one and a-half inches in size, and from one to six in number. Here, then, are the primary elements of the game, but the author's inventive powers do not stop there. There are metal bunkers; also metal ditches, fences, hazards and hedges. There are, moreover, certain devices called "hills and hollows," which appear to surround the holes, and no doubt make the putting more exciting. It is possible, apparently, to play a full round of eighteen holes, though the nature of the course will naturally vary with the size of the ship and the amount of deck space available. After describing the game the author has a chapter of advice for beginners which is quite sound and sensible, and, indeed, we should be better golfers if we could put it all into practice on dry land. There is one word of warning that it must be hard to follow until the learner has acquired his sea-legs, namely, that he is to avoid "any shiftiness or uncertainty in the stance." Altogether, deck golf sounds an amusing game enough, and it appears to be popular, since we have reproduced in the book the scoring cards, not only of the Dreadnought herself, but also of the P. and O., the Orient and the Union Castle lines.

BOOKS TO ORDER FROM THE LIBRARY.

My Life's Pilgrimage, by Thomas Catling (formerly Editor of *Lloyd's Weekly Newspaper*). (John Murray.)

Mediterranean Moods, by J. E. Crawford Flitch. (Grant Richards.)

Mrs. E. M. Ward's Reminiscences, edited by Elliot O'Donnell. (Pitman.)

The Works of John M. Synge. (Maunsell and Co., Dublin.)

Creatures of Clay, by W. Teignmouth Shore. (John Long.)

The White Peacock, by D. H. Lawrence. (Heinemann.)

IN THE GARDEN.

THE CULTIVATION OF SWEET CORN IN ENGLAND.

IN the modern demand for a wider range of vegetables a number that were at one time practically obsolete have been resuscitated, and have had attention from those whose duty it is to grow vegetables for home consumption.

In addition, a few new kinds have also been tried, and foremost among these are the edible forms of the common Indian Corn or Maize. Unfortunately, these have not up to the present been very favourably received in this country, a fact that is perhaps due to a chain of circumstances such as few vegetables have encountered at the outset of their career. Growers have, of course, for many years cultivated the ornamental varieties of Maize for decorative purposes, and it sufficed if these were sown under glass in March and grown on for planting out at the end of May or early in June. But for edible purposes the seeds must be sown earlier so that strong plants of large size are ready for planting outdoors at the period named, otherwise our summers are too short for the plants to produce a good crop of cobs. This late sowing, together with gathering the cobs at the wrong stage and improper cooking, have done much towards discouraging the pioneers in the cultivation of this vegetable.

It has already been stated that seeds must be sown early for the purpose of securing large plants by early June, and the

first week in February is a good time to sow them. A hot-bed frame is an ideal place, but failing this recourse must be had to the warm greenhouse. A system that I adopted some years ago, when Sweet Corn was first grown as a vegetable in this country, was to fill some three-inch pots with good rich potting soil and sow one seed in each pot, these subsequently being stood either in the hot-bed frame or on a shelf near the glass in a warm greenhouse. The young plants were not long in appearing

and growth was rapid, but care was always taken to ventilate the frame or house whenever the weather outside was at all genial; this, together with keeping the young plants near the glass, induced firm, sturdy growth, and so laid the foundation on which future success was based. In the course of three or four weeks from the time the seedlings appeared they had filled the pots with roots, and were then moved into pots five inches or six inches in diameter, the latter for preference.

As Maize at all stages of their career are gross-feeding plants it is necessary that the soil used at this repotting be good; turfy loam three parts and well-decayed farmyard or stable manure one part I found answered very well, and this was made moderately firm.

After this repotting the plants went back to the warm frame or greenhouse, but when they had established themselves in the new pots ventilation was given more freely, the more



A. E. Quick.

WISTARIA SINENSIS IN FULL BLOOM.

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favourable outside conditions allowing of this being done, until, by the second week in May, the plants were being given open-air treatment by day and only slight protection at night. This early sowing of the seeds, and the subsequent growing on and properly hardening of the plants without a check, is the most important item in the cultivation of Sweet Corn. Without sturdy plants a foot to eighteen inches high, according to the variety, for planting outdoors the first week in June, it is useless to attempt to get cobs of good quality.

During the time the plants are being raised under glass the bed outdoors must be prepared, and the earlier this is done the better. Almost any good garden soil will grow good plants, but it must be well and deeply dug, and should have at least a three-inch-thick dressing of partially-decayed manure mixed with it at the time the digging is done; if the soil can be dug from eighteen inches to two feet deep, so much the better. If this is done early in the spring, it will have become nicely settled and in good condition for planting by the time it is required. A position sheltered from strong winds should be selected if possible. The plants should be put out in rows three feet six inches to four feet apart, the former for dwarf-growing varieties and the latter for those of more majestic stature, and a distance of two feet must be allowed between the plants in the rows. When planting care should be taken to keep the ball of soil and roots intact, as the one thing to avoid above all others is a check to the growth of the plants. If well watered at the time of planting, the plants will need but little subsequent attention, except that a mulching of short manure spread over the roots during the hot days of July and August will be of considerable benefit. Some of the leading seedsmen in this country now list several varieties that are specially suitable for our climate.

As already stated, the gathering of the cobs at the wrong time, together with improper cooking, have done much towards bringing the Sweet Corn into disfavour; indeed, unless close attention is given to these apparently trivial items a whole season's labour will be lost. The corn or seeds ought not to be allowed to turn mealy inside before they are gathered; a good test is to press one or two with the thumb-nail and if milky inside they are in a proper condition for gathering. Cooking is of equal importance. The cobs should be boiled in their husks for about twenty minutes to half-an-hour; if boiled longer the corn becomes hard and unpalatable.

F. W. H.

WISTARIA SINENSIS IN CAPE TOWN.

IN this country we are so accustomed to seeing this beautiful climbing plant trained stiffly to walls, that any variation of this method of culture is always welcome. In the Southern Counties at least it is quite hardy in the open, and when trained over pergolas, open-work fences or even rough poles erected for its support, it forms one of the prettiest features of the garden. The Grape-like clusters of its pale blue, Pea-shaped flowers are usually produced in large quantities, their form and colour being such as we see in too few of our hardy plants. This climber lives to a great age, and in several parts of this country, notably at Slough, there are specimens of many years' standing, their gnarled trunks testifying to the trying ordeals of cold, wet and heat which they have successfully withstood. The illustration on page 139 is of a plant in the Cape Town Municipal Gardens, and aptly portrays the beauty of this *Wistaria* when allowed to grow in a free and natural manner. It is not particular regarding the soil in which it is planted, providing it is well drained; but it seems to thrive best in a well-cultivated loam that contains a good proportion of sand.

A LATE DESSERT PEAR.

Before the season for planting fruit trees is past, it may be of interest to draw attention to the little-known Pear *Passe Crassane*. This Pear is one of the best dessert varieties for use during January and February, and yet it is grown only in a very few gardens in this country. At the present time consignments of it are being sent to Covent Garden Market from France, and are very greatly appreciated, making prices considerably in advance of those obtained for other varieties. It is a globular Pear with rather long stalk, and when gathered has a dark green skin freely marked with russet. When ready for the table the skin assumes a pleasing golden hue. The flesh is very sweet and melting, and resembles in this respect, and also in flavour, the well-known autumn Pear, *Doyenné du Comice*. Indeed, it is frequently referred to as the winter *Doyenné du Comice*. Judging by the occasional trees met with, it is a variety suitable for cultivation in this country, and it is certainly well worth growing. I believe most of the leading fruit nurserymen are able to supply young trees, and as February is a good month during which to plant, the opportunity to do so should not be lost.

H.

POLO PROSPECTS IN 1911

THERE has been no season for many years so full of promise as the coming one. The Hurlingham Club Polo Committee have suspended the off-side rule, and Ranelagh and the other polo clubs will follow suit. Ranelagh, now the club with the largest membership and the possessor of four grounds, have for many years loyally supported the Hurlingham Polo Committee, on which, strange to say, Ranelagh are not represented. But it cannot be very long before the Hurlingham Committee will recognise facts and see that they must either make their polo committee fully representative or be superseded by a polo association. The Hurlingham Polo Committee have shown that they recognise the necessity for widening the basis of their

power by giving a large representation to the Army Polo Committee and the County Polo Association. Whatever may have been the case when the Hurlingham Committee first began to widen their borders, there can be no excuse for not giving a sufficient representation to so powerful and wealthy a body as the Ranelagh Club, which has never in any way placed itself in rivalry with the senior club. It would be a wise and dignified course to offer such a representation to Ranelagh and, if those men whom Ranelagh sent did not happen to be members of Hurlingham, to make them honorary members of that club during their term of office. Thus a condition which might savour of exclusiveness, that every member of the Hurlingham Polo Committee should be a member of that club, would be not an offensive stipulation, but a graceful acknowledgment of their services to the committee. We should then have no need to ask for a polo association; the thing would have come into existence and the name would not signify. Indeed, we should all prefer to retain the name and the leadership of Hurlingham in the affairs of the game, which, but for Hurlingham and Sir Walter Smythe, would never have reached its present position.

If the views on polo without off-side which have been expressed by Mr. F. A. Gill and others who have had most experience of polo in America are correct, we are never likely to see the off-side rule in force again. But I think the success of play without that rule depends on the proper adjustment of the length of the periods and on some modification of our penalty rules. We may well anticipate a game which will be freer, more interesting to spectators and less interrupted by penalties the reasons for the infliction of which are seldom obvious to the instructed spectator, and not always, we must think, even to the umpire himself. There will, indeed, with the freer and more open game, be less temptation to violate the rules, or perhaps it may be said, with off-side away, fewer chances of doing so.

We shall also probably see more new players coming to the front; there will be more occasion and more opportunity for the qualities of youth, dash and pace than heretofore. The pottering passing of the older game will be exchanged for an altogether bolder style. I suggest that a different placing of the team will be desirable—that No. 4 and No. 1 will be in a straight line in the direction of the ball, but that No. 3 and No. 2 will be found most useful some distance to the right and left flank of the direct course of the ball. There is one objection that I still find lurking in the minds of some players—that the new game will be too hard on their ponies, even when shorter periods are laid down. The objection takes this form, or something like it: "We know that the Meadowbrook players were very hard on their ponies. It was said that they could hardly have mounted their team for a third match had that been necessary." The answer to that is that while the American players are strong and effective horsemen, they are not, like most Englishmen of the class who play polo, horsemen from their youth up. They have not the "horse-habit" which, with whatever technical school faults English horsemen may have, enables an English rider to nurse his horse to save him by an adjustment of hand and seat which is sympathetic and instinctive. The English cavalryman and hunting-man has always before him the problem of making the most of his horse's strength—the cavalryman in keeping his over-weighted troop horses fresh enough to give him a trot or a gallop in reserve should he need it, as in time of war he often does, while in the hunting-field one difference between a good and a bad rider lies in the way the latter nurses and drives a half-tired horse over a country to the end of a long run. This we have been doing all our lives, and it has given the Englishman a style of horsemanship which enables him to have something to spare. The inference to be drawn from this is that English riders will not break down their ponies even without off-side, provided, of course, the periods are kept well within a horse's powers. I take it that a well-bred middle-weight pony can carry fourteen stone without risk of injury on an English polo ground for about six minutes in a first-class game. Thus we may look forward to some interesting developments. Polo will come out of its groove. The sure eye, the firm hand, the bold heart will tell more, but prudent tactics less, in the coming game. But we have not only the game without off-side to look forward to, but the handicap.

The official handicaps are to be published as a part of the Hurlingham rules, and I have no doubt that they will find general acceptance. The main principles on which the handicaps are constructed are sound, and it is merely a question of time, care and detail to bring them as near accuracy as any handicap which has to do with flesh and blood can be. There might perhaps with advantage be a clause permitting managers to handicap players somewhat differently on different grounds. There is no doubt that the form of players varies somewhat with the grounds they play on, and it may be found in practice that the handicap which would bring two teams together at Hurlingham would not do so at Ranelagh or at Roehampton. It will be an interesting point to note how far, if at all, the different grounds, their varieties of level or of shape, affect the accuracy of the handicaps, and it will be for the respective managers to adjust them.

The Coronation will bring a great many players to England, and this in itself will heighten the interests of the season and lend variety to the play. This great event will also, no doubt, render it difficult, perhaps impossible, to send a team to America until 1912; but this would be an advantage. A season's practice without off-side is none too much for our players, and we should have a better chance of bringing back the Cup in 1912 than we can possibly have this year. Inter-regimental polo promises to be more interesting than ever, and the tournament of 1911 one of the most exciting we

have seen for years. The return of the 9th Lancers will show us a new team, representing one of the most famous of polo-playing regiments, while it is quite possible the new rules and shorter periods may bring forward some new team. Short periods have, by the way, been repeatedly proved to be suitable to Service polo by the success of the Aldershot Tournament at the Ranelagh Club, where five-minute periods and short matches have been the rule. These shortened periods and matches are the true secret of economy in polo.

The County Polo Week at Ranelagh will, for many reasons, be a memorable one. The success of last year is bound to result in larger entries, and the public trial of the County Associations' Handicap will be full of interest, and will be not only interesting, but important to the future of the game. In addition to this, throughout the season we shall have all our old friends the

tournaments at Hurlingham, Ranelagh and Roehampton with somewhat new faces, but also with renewed interest for players and spectators; and then the Coronation Cup, with the King and many notable visitors present to see a struggle between the eight best players in England for this trophy, which is in accord with the history of the game, for if Hurlingham has given us the game of polo and its rules, Ranelagh has always been the cause and guide of its growth and expansion. And then there is Roehampton, where polo is always strenuous and so many great teams have been formed. It is satisfactory to know that no immediate change is to be feared, and I am not without hopes that the increased interest, which so many circumstances and occasions united to create, will make people realise in practical fashion that we cannot in the best interests of the game afford to lose one-third of our opportunities of play. X.

ON THE GREEN.

BY HORACE HUTCHINSON AND BERNARD DARWIN.

AT STOKE POGES.

WE of the Oxford and Cambridge Society did really better than the world had expected of us in our foursomes with the professionals at Stoke Poges. Before the match there was some discussion whether they should give us two up or three up on each round; my own idea was that if they gave us three up we should be too good for them, but if only two up that they would beat us, though I also thought that the match would be closer with two up than with three. In the event, as the student of history now knows, we actually beat them, after a very fine fight indeed, with two up only. It was a good sporting kind of match, enjoyed by everyone who had a hand in it. The public, apparently, took the view that I took of the prospects, for bets were made of 5 to 4 on the professionals.

SELF AND

PARTNER.

I do not believe there was a man on either side who played better golf that day than my own partner, Mr. de Montmorency, and yet our opponents were Braid and Sherlock in the morning and Harry Vardon and Duncan in the afternoon, and Braid's play, as we saw it, was absolutely faultless, as well as very powerful. But Mr. de Montmorency was as blameless, in both rounds, and very nearly of the same force. Besides being very sound in all parts of his game, he has that faculty in which the professionals as a rule beat the amateurs—it is where they get their pull—of putting his long seconds with wood or iron very close to the hole. We not only had very hot pairs to meet in both our matches, but we caught both of them at their hottest. These comments are not meant as a story of the match generally, which has been told already, but of some personal

happenings, and those happenings shortly were that we had to put up with two defeats, in the morning by three and two and in the afternoon by two and one, and yet Mr. de Montmorency played as has been hinted. It is to be feared that the inference is only too obvious—it was owing to my own lapses that we lost. That is so; I admit it with shame, but I might have played much worse, and, after all, what we were called on to play against was terrible golf.

PLAY BETTER THAN ANTICIPATED.

Talking our chances over the night before, my partner and I had reckoned that the foe would be round in about 74. As a matter of fact, our afternoon enemies were round in 70, and our morning enemies would have made just the same score, giving them two fours for the last two holes, which we did not play. So that was four strokes better than we had reckoned

on their doing, and those strokes were our undoing. They made just all the difference. Sherlock backed up Braid splendidly, and we never had the honour once all through the match, although we halved the first eight holes. Then we lost four running, and never had a chance to get one of them back. Vardon and Duncan were not quite so deadly steady, though their score worked out just as good. Duncan sliced a tee shot or two, but his smashing long brassie shots right up to the hole were as good as ever, and all his short game was beautiful. Harry Vardon was putting very well indeed, and that is a point to be made a note of, for his putting has been a weakness in his game for many a month. On this day he was hitting the ball quit clean and smooth with a wooden putter. It was a delight to see it, but no one was so delighted as he. It was like a recovery from some dreadful illness.



MR. F. KINLOCH.

THE RESULT FAIRLY REPRESENTATIVE.

Probably the result of this match will be taken as indicating fairly accurately the margin of difference between the respective play of amateurs and professionals in foursomes. It may certainly be taken to indicate that the amateurs can hold their own at such odds, for the professional side was more nearly representative than that of the amateurs. It will be seen that the victory was won by the body and tail of our team, rather than by its head, if it can be said to have had any such organism, where all the parts were so nearly equal. The two leading couples of professionals won both their matches. It is to be hoped that this pleasant and interesting affair may be repeated, perhaps may become annual. Certainly the Society would wish it. Of the professionals it is more to ask, because they played the match for love and pure sport, and with them, of course, their golf is their money earner. Still, they are such good sportsmen that they are quite likely to be ready to come up to the scratch again next year.

MEN VERSUS LADIES—WHAT ODDS?

Even supposing we allow the rather large admission that this match has more or less settled the points as between amateurs and professionals, there remains a far more delicate question in view of the suggested team match, between men and ladies. My view as to this is that if a team of first-class men golfers were to give a half to a team of lady golfers, they would get badly beaten; whereas if they were to give a third, the ladies would be beaten, though not as badly as the men on the former supposition. That is to say, that a third would bring them together more nearly than a half. That seems to be the estimate of most people. On the other hand, Harry Vardon, always gallant, declares that about four and a-half strokes in the round is the really right odds. Surely he compliments the ladies just a little too highly. But it is difficult to know till the thing is put to the test.

H. G. H.

THE ODD THINGS THAT HAPPEN IN FOURSOMES.

Everyone must have noticed how in foursome play all the strokes of a certain type seem sometimes to fall to one alone of the two partners; the putts, for instance, go in odd streaks. A will have all the holing out to do, and B may not have to tackle a short putt till the end of the round is nearly reached. When he does have to tackle it, he is so unaccustomed to the effort that he most likely misses it. I had a somewhat curious experience of this sort in last Friday's match at Stoke Poges, which I hope it is not egotistical to relate. Mr. Gillies and I played two foursomes in partnership, and I may add that we won them both, yet only once in the course of two rounds did I put the ball into the hole. The obvious inference is that either Mr. Gillies putted surpassingly well or I surpassingly badly. My partner certainly putted nobly, and I should be the last to say that I putted well; indeed, I missed one disgracefully short one. But practically all the approach putts fell to my share, and, as a result, he was continually holing out putts of unpleasant length on greens which, though very good, were very difficult. More curious still—and this indeed was a blessed circumstance for our side—I never had to play a single pitch with a mashie throughout the day. I wisely asked my partner to drive at the short holes; but, even so, I did not believe that I could thus for a whole day escape the club in my bag of which I was temporarily most afraid. As a rule, the more one fears a club the more one has to use it; but the fates were on our side that day. Possibly, however, it was not fate, but the great skill of my partner in never leaving me at my dreaded distance from the hole. He was so skilful that I think it must have been.

A CURIOUS BEGINNING.

The oddest and most tragic occurrence in the match was probably the first hole (it was in reality the tenth) as played by Mr. Beveridge and Mr. Rand against Harry Vardon and Duncan. It is really quite a long story, involving several shots out of bunkers, a stymie and finally the heart-breaking finish of holing the opponents' ball. The amateurs began with a tee shot into a bunker, but reached the green in three. The professionals with their second ran over the green into a bunker, whence they only dislodged the ball at the third attempt, but this third effort was such a good one as nearly to hole out. With two for the hole the amateurs ran a little too far, stymied themselves and then in their attempt to win the hole put their opponents in and lost it. A singular series of events at a hole which can be reached with a drive and the shortest of approaches. Nevertheless, it is, I think, the most fiendishly difficult hole on the course. Indeed, I am inclined, with fear and trembling, to say that it is almost unfairly difficult. The green is so desperately sloping that even when the ground is wet the ball will hardly stop, and in dry summer weather I cannot help thinking that the hole must very nearly be a fluky one. One of the best things in the day's golf was probably the feat of Mr. Hunter and Mr. Colt, who, after losing the first four holes, actually stood two up with three to play against Taylor and Jack White. However, Jack White holed two of his best putts and the match was halved. It is sad news, by the way, that Mr. Colt is leaving Sunningdale. To think of it without him is, if one may employ the most hackneyed of all similes, to imagine "Hamlet" without the Prince of Denmark. He has done great work there, and no small share of the success both of the club and the course is due to him.

MR. F. KINLOCH.

There is no keener golfer than Mr. Frank Kinloch, who is a familiar figure at every championship meeting. Not only does he write about golf, but he also plays it very well, and is particularly formidable in a foursome, wherein his admirable short game makes him a most valuable partner. Mr. Kinloch lives at North Berwick, and plays the main part of his golf there and at Muirfield. In the summer, however, he migrates to France, where he is the very enthusiastic secretary of the golf club at Etretat. He comes of a good golfing family, for his brother, Colonel David Kinloch, is also a very well-known and popular golfer who not long ago used to win many medals on the links of the Lothians. B. D.

LAW AND THE LAND.

DURING the last week or two many readers of COUNTRY LIFE will have been puzzling over the forms of declaration for establishment, motor-car and dog licences, and wondering more especially which of the men or boys employed in the house or about the gardens, stables, farm or estate they must obtain a licence for. The particulars given in the form as to what male servants require licences are not very illuminating, and perhaps the best test the householder can apply in any particular case is to ask himself two questions—first, Is the person employed during the whole of the usual working hours in one of the stated capacities? and, secondly, Is he really a servant, and not merely an independent person working for hire or remuneration? A negative answer to either of these questions will, in the great majority of cases, render a licence unnecessary in respect of that particular man or boy, for it must always be remembered that

it is servants who are taxed, not employés, and that even a servant who is only occasionally or partially employed in a taxable capacity is not within the purview of the tax.

For example, the unlicensed boy who cleans knives and boots and helps generally is, no doubt, a servant, but no licence is necessary for him, because he does not come within the list of defined servants, and the mere fact that he is occasionally sent out in charge of the children's pony-cart will not bring him within the category. A farm hand, too, is a servant, but a non-taxable one, and he does not become a gardener because every now and then he helps to mow the lawn, or to dig over a flower-bed, or to plant shrubs or saplings. Mere length of service, however, is not material. A licence must be taken out for a footman who is only employed for the few weeks of the London season, or for an under-game-keeper who is only wanted during a very small part of the year.

One of the results of transferring these licence duties to the local authorities has been a very considerable increase in the activity in collecting the duties, and employers have lately been rather rigorously harried over their returns. Quite recently we have seen attempts made to exact duties in respect of the meal attendants at our big shops and at the Civil Service luncheon club, the keepers of the gardens in the London squares and the porters at the large blocks of flats; and now the jobbing gardener appears to be receiving particular attention. Only the other day the judges of the High Court had to declare that one of these did not come within the Act. It was true he was a gardener, but he was not a servant. In this particular case the man was employed four days a week; on the other days he could work for himself or for others. He had, in fact, a small nurseryman's business, and could send a qualified substitute instead of coming himself.

As the Court of Appeal has ordered a new trial of the action brought by a railway signalman against his former employers to recover damages for a libel alleged to be contained in a reply to enquiries from another railway company as to his character, the case is still *sub judice*, and we are precluded from commenting upon it. But it may be useful to remind masters and mistresses of the responsibility that attaches to them in respect of giving characters to servants. No one can be compelled to give a servant a character at all; but to most people the moral duty is a greater compulsion than any legal obligation could be, and it is well, therefore, to remember that if a character is given it must be honestly stated, and not tinted or influenced by spite or prejudice. A master or mistress who, in response to an enquiry from a prospective employer of a former servant, states what he or she honestly believes to be true of that servant's service and the cause of its termination has nothing to fear from the law. The occasion is privileged, and only on proof of malice will the protection afforded by privilege be lost. But any untrue statement, or any harmful innuendo inspired by other than a perfectly bona fide motive, lays the giver open to an action for defamation, and a knowingly false character may make the giver liable to an action by an employer who takes the servant in reliance on the character and suffers loss thereby and in addition may subject the offender to the penalties of the criminal law.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE ABNORMAL GANNET AT THE BASS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I only suggested that the anomalous gannet seen at the Bass Rock last July was a young bird because no other solution of the difficulty occurred to me; but, as Mr. Fortune points out, the white tail almost negatives the possibility of its being immature, and I quite admit that this is a lame way of accounting for this strange *lusus nature*. Mr. Fortune has obliged me with a set of the photographs taken by him of the living bird when at no great distance. They certainly are very clear and good, especially one in which he has caught the mysterious gannet with its wings spread. This photograph shows the extent of the brown colour much better than in the illustration which you have published. In this photograph it can be seen that the brown colour reaches almost to the root of the tail, and there are fewer white feathers mixed with it than is the case on the upper part of the back; it also shows considerable irregularity in the markings on the wings, and that the scapular feathers are the part which is most dappled with white. Either the bird was painted or it is one of the most remarkable varieties ever recorded in ornithology. If it be a variety, it is most likely that we shall hear of it again at the Bass or somewhere; if it was painted, the coloured plumage has by this time been moulted, and the bird is again white, as it was before. I hope the coming summer may settle it for us one way or the other.—J. H. GURNEY.

A WHALE THRASHING ITS ROAD TO LIBERTY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—You at times like to hear of incidents that are remarkable that take place here or elsewhere on the coast. I therefore give you certain rough jottings of what took place one dark September evening three months ago. About a mile and a-half from Inveraray Town Cross you find yourself at the Garron Bridge, a lovely Spanish type of bridge with a steep pitch or gradient. The balustrade and ball ornaments remind those who know Toledo of bridges there. On the Inveraray side is the lodge with its gates, and the tenant is Mr. John MacNab, a fisherman who sees to the visitors who flock to the remarkable loch hard by called the Dhubh Loch (Black Loch), where salmon, sea-trout, mullet, brown trout, and a peculiarly marked trout of large size, and many other fish can be caught. Between the loch and the sea runs the Garron River. At high tide the sea water enters the Dhubh Loch; thus herring are also found in the loch. Let us now glance at the entrance to the Garron River, a very short, curving stream of a shape somewhat like an elongated "S." There are gravel banks on the sea side, and the stream is not wide at any point. On the dark night I am going to speak of, MacNab was roused by a most tremendous din going on seaward; he peered in vain into the inky darkness; nothing could be seen at all, but the noise went on like a quantity of timber being broken by gigantic blows. It was so great that two of the ladies of Lord George Campbell's family, who were out walking, heard the great commotion and remained wondering what it could possibly mean. I may here say that close by the Garron Bridge a large wood of larches is being cut; but no one can, of course, work in the dark, so the noise coming from seaward must have been from some other cause than logs of wood being dealt with, for at odd times MacNab aids the merchant in towing logs down the stream past the bridge to the anchorage, where the steamer from Glasgow ships the logs of wood destined to be cut up for various purposes. In the morning MacNab

carefully inspected the place whence the gigantic blows were delivered, and he then found that a whale had stranded on the gravel, and had in its frantic efforts to get away dug a hole about five to six feet deep in the shoal. He called it six feet in his account given to me. The animal flogged its passage backwards to sea. It is such a rare thing that any whale thus stranded does get away that this record should, I think, be in your publication. I may say that Strom Point—a huge nose of land—divides this part of Loch Fyne, and whales taking the right-hand, or eastern, side of this promontory are safe enough, for there are two places of great depth on the way to the head of Loch Fyne—one hole before you get to Achmatraa, another higher up. Years ago, the late Duke was in a large barge fishing for "lythe"—rollock whiting—when a whale rose close to us near the point I speak of—we had a lot of children on board—so near that the boatmen stood up with oars and boathook ready to "shoo her off." Luckily this was not attempted, or might have ended the career of the whole party! But we rowed as fast as we could to land. My next tale will be about a shark that pursued a boat.—ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL.

"HARVEST LIGHTNING."

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—With reference to the "flash of lightning" which appeared in COUNTRY LIFE of January 7th, your contributor, Mr. F. J. Robinson, sends an interesting photograph, asks the reason of "the dotted lines," and uses the term "harvest lightning." I am not aware that a flash differs in appearance during the time of harvest, and should like to have his explanation. The harvest moon is so called because at about that period of the year it rises just about the time the sun sets, and gives light during the whole of the night, so there is practically no darkness, if the weather is fine. With regard to the dotted lines in the photograph, I think the explanation is very simple; either the camera was jarred or the plate-holder slipped at the exact moment the flash was photographed. Apart from these dots the flash appears to be of an ordinary character. May I be allowed to refer those of your readers who are interested in the vagaries of lightning to an article I contributed to COUNTRY LIFE, which appeared in the number dated October 28th, 1905?—KILLINGWORTH HEDGES, M.L.C.E., Hon. Secretary of the Lightning Research Committee, and author of the Phoenix Fire Office Rules, 1910.

SINGED PIG.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I was talking to an old farm labourer the other day on the subject of pigs. His opinion of the sanitary regulations that now forbid the cottager to keep his pig under the same roof as his family was poor, and he seemed to think that it had a good deal to do with the declining popularity of pigs as a labouring man's stock. Among other things he told me that in the old days when a pig-killing took place the carcass was not scalded and scraped as is done to-day, but was singed and brushed, one man performing the singeing with a bunch of lighted straw, while another came behind with a stiff brush and scrubbed off the bristles. The idea was that singed pork made better bacon. I should like to know if this custom was ever common or purely local.—M.

LAST WEEK'S FRONTISPIECE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—My half-sister, Pauline Duleep Singh, is the elder daughter of the late Maharajah Duleep Singh of Lahore by his second wife.—SOPHIA DULEEP SINGH.

"MOLLYGRUDGE": "MOLLYGRUB."

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Your correspondent, Miss Frances Pitt, is right in supposing the workman meant he would like to kill the rat when he expressed the wish to "mollygrudge" it. Yet I have always known the expression as "mollygrub"; not in the sense of "to kill," but to "pay off" an old score, or someone who has had "a sulky-fit." "Yes, she's got th' mollygrub bad," I have often heard said of someone showing a sulky temper. Also a person "down in th' dumps" has "th' molly-grubs," or they are "havin' a mardy sulky." A lad's father will say when a boy is sulking, "Oh! Ah! gi' him mollygrubs," and as likely as not the lad gets "a hidin'" straightaway.—THOMAS RATCLIFFE.

"THE GREEN LADY OF THORPE HALL."

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—It may not be generally known that the heroine of Shenstone's poem, "Love or Honour," and also of the ballad in Percy's Reliques called "The Spanish Lady's Love for an Englishman," was Sir John Bolle's beautiful Spanish captive or, as she is called in Lincolnshire, "The Green Lady of Thorpe Hall." The picturesque old house, situated on the outskirts of the town of Louth (Lincs), was built in 1589 by Sir John Bolle, who served under Essex at the siege of Cadiz. After its surrender Sir John had the custody of a young lady of noble birth, who fell deeply in love with her gaoler. On learning he was already married she entered a nunnery. When Sir John left Cadiz she sent many beautiful and valuable presents to his wife, among them being a necklace composed of 8,298 pearls (now preserved in Yorkshire), a tapestry bed worked by herself in gold, several casks full of plate and money, and a painting of herself in a green dress. This picture, which was unfortunately lost, gained her the name of "The Green Lady." Tradition records that her ghost garbed in green haunted her lover's home, and that she used nightly to take her seat in a particular tree near the mansion. It was also said that during the life of his son, Sir Charles Bolle, a knife and fork were always laid for her at table in case she chose to put in an appearance.—G. W.

THE NEW COALTIT.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Mr. Ogilvie-Grant's article in your last week's issue must be of surpassing interest to ornithologists. That a hitherto unrecognised bird should be discovered at this time of day in any long-populated and much-explored country is sufficiently surprising; but that the discovery should be made in the British Islands, where such close attention has so long been paid to every department of natural history, is almost beyond belief. Whether *Parus hibernicus* will eventually be accepted as a distinct species or be relegated to the secondary position of a sub-species or race time only will disclose. It is a subject that is pretty certain to be a good deal canvassed; but, in any event, the discovery is of outstanding interest. These are thoughts that must occur to everyone; but, although one cannot refrain from allusion to them, that was not my object in taking up the pen to trouble you with this letter. Now that attention has been drawn to it, it will probably not be long before further information concerning the distribution of the new bird reaches you, and I have the following rather

singular experience to relate. On the 8th inst. and for the four succeeding days, a coaltit came to my window, in a Yorkshire club, which was so remarkably yellowish in the general tints of its plumage, as opposed to the usual brown or blue, that it required a second careful scrutiny to convince me that it was not a dingy-coloured blue tit. It was very dull all over, with a conspicuous lacking of the customary lustre in the black portions of the head, and with the under parts of the body so distinctly yellow as to suggest the idea that they might have been stained by contact with some extraneous substance. To a lesser extent the white patches on the head were affected, the back and rump striking me as rather inclined to green than yellow. The plumage in these respects approached so remarkably that of the blue and great tits (several of which were at the same time coming to the fat and nuts on the window-ledge) as to give rise to the reflection that, if the feathers had not been accidentally dyed, the bird was a very striking illustration of Darwin's old observation, that variation in a species was very apt to be in the direction of a kindred species, generally, I think, towards its nearest ally. The general appearance of the bird was sufficient, likewise, to give rise to considerable mental speculation as to whether it might not have been a natural hybrid between the blue and coal tits. Like the rest of the world, I was then in ignorance of the existence of the Irish coaltit; but, happening to meet a sympathetic friend on the following Sunday, I mentioned the circumstance to him, and he then told me that only the previous day he had been reading Mr. Ogilvie-Grant's communication to the British Ornithologists' Club, and it now becomes a matter for enquiry whether *Parus hibernicus* may not be an occasional visitor to Great Britain. Should that prove to be the case, I have little doubt that the bird I saw must have belonged to that form; but pending its possible return to the window and a more intimate acquaintance with it, speculation in that direction is not very profitable. It only remains to add that the coaltit is not a very numerous bird in this neighbourhood (Ilkley), and that, save the individual above referred to, none has been noticed coming to the window-ledge to share the food put out for the blue and great tits, which come daily and in numbers; but as it is only ten days ago since it was last seen, it is not impossible that a recurrence of wintry weather may witness its return.—L. G.

FUNERALS AND RIGHTS OF WAY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—With reference to your correspondent's letter, "Funerals and Rights of Way," and your note thereon, perhaps I may be allowed to mention a curious variation of the idea that came under my notice some years ago. I held some land in Sussex, and a labourer on the place told me that "many years ago" the drive in front of the house had been made a public road by a funeral having been brought over it, but that the then owner of the property had made the road private again by driving *black pins* in the gates as soon as the procession had passed through. My informant was an unusually intelligent man of his class, and really took an interest in all old customs. I often questioned him on the subject, but could not get any variation of the statement or any further details. I have often come across the main idea, especially in Cornwall; but the "black pin" addition was quite new to me, nor can I see any foundation for such a belief, though I have generally found that most of these old country tales have some slight substratum of truth.—J.

WOMEN AND THE RURAL EXODUS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—We hear a great deal at the present time about the rural exodus, and various plans are put forward for persuading people to stay on the land. But though small holdings and the introduction of new industries may accomplish much, no reform in the conditions of village life will suffice to check the flow from the country to town unless it meets the needs of the feminine portion of the population. The fact is that under modern conditions village life is often insupportably dull for the women and girls. A number of festivities and pleasant old country customs have died out, and nothing has grown up to take their place. But for the women and girls there is, in many places, little recreation from one year's end to another, and what there is is usually organised on "goody-goody" lines by the parson's wife and her well-meaning helpers. It is therefore scarcely to be wondered at that girls who have been out into service in towns and grown accustomed to the bustle and excitement of crowded streets, the delights of gay shop windows and the many chances of amusement that a town offers, are seldom willing to settle down in their native village, and, if they marry a countryman, frequently urge him to move up to town and try his fortune. The men, when they first come into a city, often miss the outdoor life, the fresh air and large open spaces to which they have been accustomed. But country-women who have been used to spend the greater part of their time in a tiny, ill-ventilated, inconvenient cottage, at some distance, perhaps, from their nearest neighbour, find in town a fuller, freer life, with better facilities for performing the work of their little home and greater opportunity for social intercourse. The movement for the revival of English folk songs and folk dances, and the pageants that have been arranged in many parts of the country, are doing much to mitigate the dreariness of country life; but there seems some danger that the organisation of dancing may pass largely into the hands of pedants and experts, who are interested only in reviving the old traditional dances and are determined not to countenance any others. What is wanted is not only to revive the old morris dances by teaching them to children, as has been done with so much success at Keswick lately, but to develop also new folk dances with simple steps and movements that may be performed by the ordinary village child, and to encourage the invention of fresh dances by the people themselves. In one small village known to me a number of young people from the neighbourhood attended a dancing class during the evenings of last autumn for a small fee per head, and the children were taught in the afternoons. A marked improvement has resulted in the bearing and manners of the youths and maidens of the village; the children seem more active and alert. The old custom of dancing on the village green has been revived in this district during the last few years, though at first there were only a few performers, mostly of the fair sex, the bulk of the inhabitants contenting themselves with the easier task of criticism. This summer, now that so many have learnt the steps, the dancing will, no doubt, be continued with greater zest. The winter has seen dances held at intervals in the clubroom—duly chaperoned by the fathers and mothers of the village, who have no notion of being out of the fun—and two fancy-dress balls held in aid of a charity proved a great success, being attended by almost everyone in the village, from the squire downwards, who could raise the sum of 1s. 6d. Children were half-price, with a further reduction for large families. The depopulation of many districts might be checked by a judicious co-operation among the different classes of the community with a view to organising recreation. The great point is to help the people to organise for themselves and to run the village club on thoroughly democratic lines.—A. M. M.

SPUR-MONEY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—As far back as 1495 among the Privy Purse expenses of Henry VII. appears the following item: "To the children for the king's spurs, 4s." Between June, 1530, and September, 1532, three payments of 6s. 8d. are recorded as made by Henry VIII.'s paymaster "to the Coristars of Wyndesore in rewarde for the king's spurs." Spur-money was a fine for wearing spurs in a cathedral, and seems to have been thoroughly established in the seventeenth century. Decker, advising his readers how to behave in St. Paul's, says, ironically: "Be sure your silver spurs clog your heels, and then the boys will swarm about you like so many white butterflies; when you in open quire shall draw forth a perfumed embroidered purse—and quoit silver into the boy's hand, that it may be heard above the first lesson." Another old writer complains that the boys neglect their duties to run about after "spur-money." The custom was not confined to St. Paul's, for Ray, in his "Second Itinerary," July, 1661, relates that the choristers of Peterborough Cathedral "made us pay money for coming into the quire with spurs on." There was one way of escaping the fine, the spur-wearer being exempted if the youngest chorister present failed to repeat his gamut correctly when challenged to do so. A rhymed notice hangs on the belfry wall of All Saints' Church, Hastings, declaring the belfry free to "all those that civil be," with a proviso

If you ring in spur or hat,
Sixpence you pay be sure of that.

The debtors of Lancaster gaol used to demand money of visitors wearing spurs within the castle walls. — G. WELBURN.

IN HER NINETIETH YEAR.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The accompanying portrait is of an old friend and nurse whose length of years—no less than seventy-three—spent in the service of the same family must surely constitute something very like a record. She is now in her ninetieth



NINETY YEARS.

taken in the spring of last year, and there is every reason to hope that she may yet live to enjoy the beauty of many another.—H.

MOTORS LIKE POST-CHAISES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—It is interesting, I think, to find an entirely new light shed by a person of over ninety years of age, especially when it is light on a subject so essentially modern as motoring. It happened in this wise. An old lady, living far down in the country, a friend of the family in whose service she had been for an immense number of years, was taken from the house of one of the family to that of another, a distance of some thirty miles, in a motor—the first time that she had ever been in a car. Considering her age, they were rather apprehensive, though she had her health and all her faculties, but she had just passed her ninetieth anniversary, and at that time of life humanity, as a rule, does not welcome new things easily. This old lady proved an exception. She enjoyed every minute of the drive, and when it was over and she was safely at the house of her new sojourn, she said: "It is delightful, and it is quite like going back to good old times, isn't it?" "Old



GOING FOR A WALK.

children's hands at the dinner-table and constantly perches on the man's shoulder as he sits and reads. The old bird is a popular favourite in Bridlington, where it is well known by the name of John Willie.—EMILY MASON.

PARTRIDGES IN TREES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—You may consider it worth recording, as I think it is a very unusual event, and one which I, at any rate, have not before personally seen, that a few days ago in the afternoon, in the course of a walk along a little-used railway near Darlington, I disturbed two partridges, both cock birds, sitting close together on the top of a fairly tall black poplar. I saw them quite plainly as I approached to within fifty feet of the tree and as they flew off into the somewhat marshy ground a little distance off. It was rather curious that only a couple of hundred yards away from the tree the birds were on a man was walking the neighbouring hedgerows with a gun, and the partridges must have seen him and had possibly been disturbed by him. I may say that only on two occasions, quite separate, have I seen partridges sitting on anything raised above the ground. In both the instances referred to a partridge was sitting on the top rail of a railway fence, and flew away as the train I was travelling in came opposite. These occurrences were near Nuneaton and near Chelford respectively. I sometimes think that the partridge is getting more cunning and more wild each season, and that this is to be attributed not so much to decreasing covert of stubble and so on, but to a development of instinct, which is hereditary as well as acquired in each generation, arising from the increased shooting that they and all game have to encounter nowadays. There is absolutely no getting near them, however good the covert may be, even in roots, at the present time; and shooting over dogs, which is the proper and legitimate sport, gets more and more difficult, and therefore so much the more sporting, every season.—O. W.

A NEW BIRD-HOUSE.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—Would the enclosed photograph be of sufficient interest to your readers? It represents a new form of bird-house. The model is from the design of Else Mehrlé, which appeared in the *Munich Jugend*.—EDWARD CAHEN.



DOMESTIC ARCHITECTURE FOR BIRDS.

times!" they said, rather mystified. "How do you mean—old times?" "Why, yes," she said, "it's like the days of the post-chaises when they came to your own door and took you to the door of the place you were going to. There's none of that nasty changing into and out of trains and not knowing whether you're going to catch them that we've had in all the years between." This was really a new light to all who heard her—that motoring could be regarded as in any way a return to old conditions; but it is quite true, of course, that it has this aspect of the old post-chaises, which was so much more convenient for a relatively short journey. But to hear this absolutely fresh comment from the mouth of this dear old nonagenarian must have been delightful.—A. B.

THE PETS OF THE HOME.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I am enclosing a photograph by Mr. H. Naylor which I hope may interest your readers. During a recent visit to Bridlington I was much amused to come across a large goose that had been adopted as the pet of a small home in the older part of the town. It frequently followed its master on the pier and in the streets, and might often be seen waddling after him with slow, measured steps, along the country lanes, sometimes walking eight and ten miles at a stretch. Two years ago the live goose was sent in November for the Christmas Day dinner, a destiny which was never fulfilled, as before a week had passed it had become the pet of the family, walking in and out of the house at its leisure. It now often takes its food from the